WORLD SOCCER

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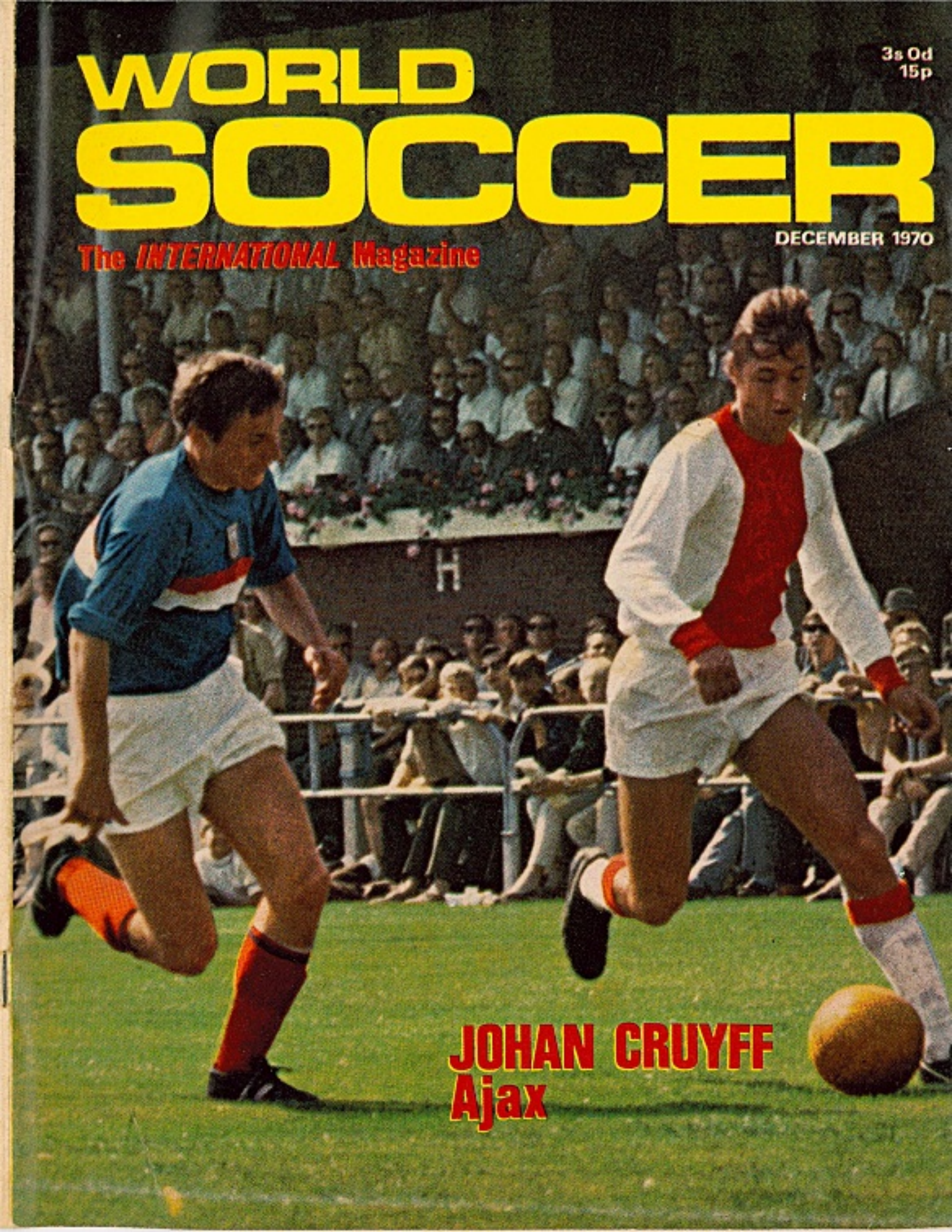
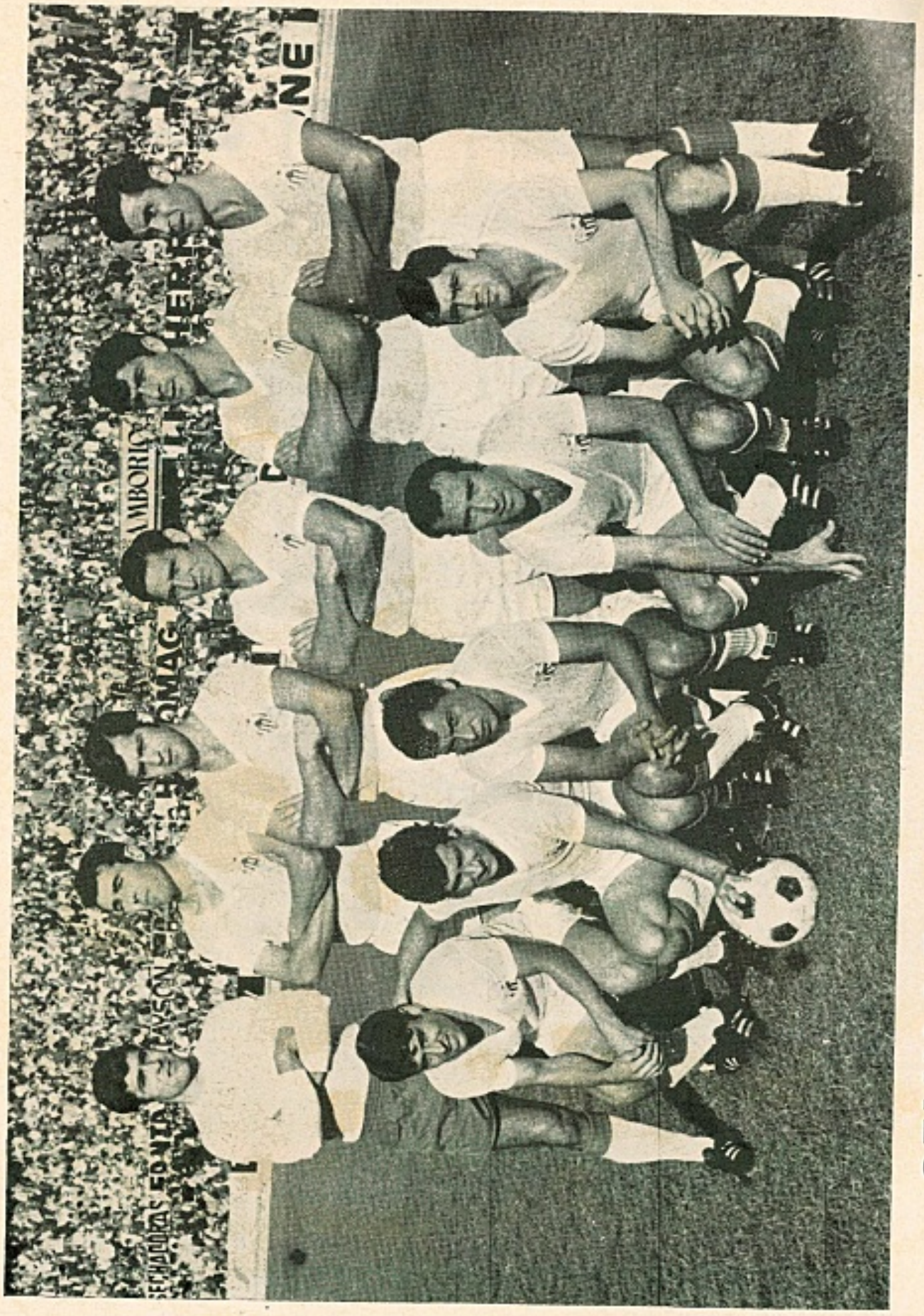
The *INTERNATIONAL* Magazine

DECEMBER 1970



JOHAN CRUYFF
Ajax



SEVILLE F.C.

Back row, left to right: Rodri, Toni, Tonanes, Hita, Costas, Santos. Front: Lora, Bergara, Acosta, Eloy, Berruezo. (Photo by courtesy of El Eulogio.)

WORLD SOCCER
incorporating SOCCER STAR
The INTERNATIONAL Magazine

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Editor:
PHILIP RISING

DECEMBER WORLD SOCCER 1970

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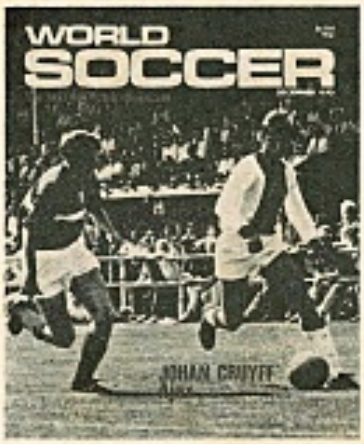
CRUYFF—THE OUTSTANDING DUTCH PLAYER

FRONT COVER MAN



JOHAN CRUYFF is reckoned to be the best Dutch forward produced since Faas Wilkes. He joined Ajax Amsterdam as a lad and was introduced into the League side by the club's then manager Vic Buckingham in the 1965-66 season against GVAV Groningen.

A clever, quick moving dribbler with a fine finishing shot, Cruyff more than made up for his slight build with a tenacity in possession. He made rapid progress and the following season at the age of 19 won his first cap for Holland against Hungary.

But his second international appearance against Czechoslovakia in November 1966 was something of a traumatic experience. Following a protest over the referee's decision, Cruyff was alleged to have struck the official and been sent off. Film later showed that it was more a gesture than intentional but he was suspended for six months from the national side.

He finished top scorer in the Dutch First Division that season with 33 goals and eventually won back a place in the international side. In the past four seasons he has hit 105 goals in League games.

His marksmanship also helped Ajax to their first European Cup Final in 1969 where they were beaten 4-1 by AC Milan. That was Cruyff's 18th appearance in European Cup matches and he had scored 10 goals during that time.

In January 1970 just after being voted joint fourth in the European Footballer of the Year poll, he made his 10th appearance for the national side against England at Wembley. Last summer Barcelona, under his former boss Vic Buckingham, tried to sign him but the ban on foreign players stayed in Spain and Cruyff remains in Holland for the present at least.

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LOOKING AT SOCCER with BRIAN GLANVILLE

Centre-halves, right or left, where are they?

Jackie Charlton in Mexico.

WHATEVER has happened to the centre-halves? Not very long ago, it was considered by the purists that centre-half was the easiest position on the field to fill; all you had to be was big, strong and good in the air. Walter Winterbottom, a Manchester United centre-half long before he became the England team manager, disagreed, painting a picture of a centre-half which resembled that of a harassed businessman — "Decisions, decisions!" —trying eternally to make up his mind whether to stay here or go there. But still the policeman, the stopper, the third back appeared — unlike the policeman in Gilbert and Sullivan — to have a lot that was a very happy one.

Numerical

Today, centre-halves are so thin on the ground in any but the most numerical sense that one imminently awaits a preservation order in their favour. England has simply none at all. A couple of years ago, Sir Alf Ramsey, sensing the shortage, persuaded Brian Labone to postpone his retirement, and was proved, not for the first or last time, absolutely right. Labone, till he tired in the heat of Leon, had an excellent World Cup. Jackie Charlton, so dominant and reliable in the 1966 World Cup, had one perfectly awful game against the Czechs, and may feel a little relieved that the FA's hastily and rather impetuously applied ban on his representative appearances now seems to exclude him, rather than his own indifferent form.

In passing, let me say that I took a particular interest in the television interview Charlton gave to Tyne Tees, since I myself had turned down an invitation to interview him one Sunday, presumably for the same programme. The trouble with radio and television, as Peter Eustace of West Ham has also found out to his cost, is that you

Leeds goalkeeper Gary Sprake and centre-half Jack Charlton (centre), combine to prevent Albion striker Jeff Astle from scoring.

cannot rely, as you can with newspaper reporters, on the interviewer's good sense to protect you. When what you have said has been filmed or taped, as opposed merely to being noted down with a view to ultimate publication, everybody tends to be a prisoner of the situation. Heaven knows how many searing confidences have been heard, but not betrayed, by newspaper men; confidences far more explosive and damaging in their potential impact than anything Charlton said, when a funny thing happened to him on his way to the studio; or, should one say, inside it.

But to return to the matter of centre-halves. This season, Charlton, now 35, has palpably been struggling; and why, at that age, shouldn't he? In due course, he will make a splendid manager. Brian Labone, who has never really been *persona grata* with Everton's manager, Harry Catterick, who likes them harder, has been dropped into Everton's reserves, while the best of the younger generation, Derby County's Roy McFarland, has been injured. Not that I consider McFarland, at this stage, international material.

Real stature

Larry Lloyd, the big Liverpool centre-half, signed to succeed Ron Yeats, from Bristol Rovers, apparently had his difficulties on the floor when he played against West Germany Under-23, at Leicester, and certainly had them in the air, when I watched him play at The Hawthorns against Jeff Astle and West Bromwich Albion. The only centre-halves in Britain of any real stature today are Billy McNeill of Rangers and Mike England of Wales and Spurs, who has returned to his old, authoritative form.

It all seems terribly mysterious, the more so, first, because the shortage is an international one, second, because on the face of it, the life of a stopper centre-half should never have been easier. Ever since Brazil demonstrated the 4-2-4 formation to us in 1958, in Sweden, the stopper has been lonely no longer. He has a friend and an assistant, as Bellini had Orlando, Mauro had Zozimo and Jackie Charlton, luckily for him and Leeds, has Norman Hunter.

In Italy, it is, or should be, easier still, for *catenaccio* provides the stopper not only with a man alongside him, but with someone else, the *libero* or sweeper, behind.

Maligned

Brian Labone, one of the most intelligent as well as one of the most talented of recent centre-halves, probably put his finger on it when he said to me, some while ago, that the problem was that there was no longer *a* centre-half, as such; there were right centre-halves and left centre-halves. Thus it is that the poor centre-half, much maligned for his negativity ever since Herbert Chapman's Arsenal launched him on the world in 1925, is passing through that fashionable phenomenon, an identity crisis. Figuratively speaking, he seems to be lying on the psychiatrist's couch, piteously demanding, "Who am I?" And answer comes there none; or rather, it comes in the distressing form, "You're a right centre-half," or, alternatively, "You're a left centre-half."

"But I want to be a *whole* centre-half," the hapless wretch replies. In vain. The demand is simply no longer there.

My views on that hybrid, and ever more hybrid, affair, the European Fairs Cup, which even the Russians plan to enter now, are well enough known. So I was most amused, on explaining its weird (original) basis of qualification to Louis Malle, the gifted French film director, to hear him say, "But that's ridiculous! They might as well limit it to cities which have a bordello!"

Indeed they might, for since the Fairs Cup was enlarged to a gigantic 64 teams, any pretence at abiding by its original concept has gone to the winds. What sort of an industrial affair has Guimaraes (if there is a Guimaraes?) Or Chorzow? Or, for that matter, Plovdiv? I know the competition has always been the apple of Sir Stanley Rous's eye, and Sir Stanley Rous has always had my admiration as an administrator, but I just won't swallow the Fairs Cup, any more than I will swallow the Cup Winners Cup. In far too many countries, Italy very much among them, the national cup competition is of the most marginal importance.

Dubious results

Competitions! Goodness, how many of them we seem to be spawning, and how unpleasant and unnecessary most of them are! I have little time even for the European Championship, which condemns England to throw Wembley open to the likes of Malta, and ends in a five-day holocaust of bad temper and dubious results. But at least it has some *raison d'être*.

The proliferation of fatuous encounters between English and Italian clubs has none at all; indeed, after the various brutalities and excesses of last summer's Anglo-Italian tournament, let us hope that at least will be laid to rest forever. There was little to be said, moreover, for the two meetings of Manchester City and Bologna this season, which resulted in a couple of thoroughly displeasing, bad tempered games, which were certainly not enjoyed by the City players. Not to mention the fiasco of the Amateur (amateur?) Cup winners' meeting between Enfield and some Italian side I had never heard of.

Dynamo Dresden FC. Back row left to right: Nippert (assistant trainer), Kreische, Ganzera, Rau, Ziegler, Richter, Dorner, Haustein, Fritsch (chief trainer). Front: Hemp, Sachse, Watzlich, Riedel, Meyer, Kallenbach, Urbansk, Heidler, Sammer and Gayer.

Dresden enjoy lengthy run of success

by KLAUS SCHLEGEL

OUTSIDE East Germany, Dynamo Dresden are a little known force but one which promises to make a big impact on Europe, if not this season then in the very near future.

Before events of the last 12 months the town of Dresden was better known for its arts and sciences but during this period the standards of the football club which bears its name have risen sharply.

Under the managership of 50-year-old Walter Fritsch, Dynamo not only became Second Division Champions in 1968–69 but followed up with a creditable third place in the top flight in 1969–70. It was this which gained them entry into this season's Fairs Cup where they have acquitted themselves admirably.

This season, in fact, looks like being their most successful ever. They have dominated the early weeks of the DDR Championship and at the time of writing led last year's Champions, Carl Zeiss Jena, by three clear points.

Strength

Undoubtedly the strength of the side is the defence centred on two fine centre-halves, Klaus Sammer and Joachim Kern. Both are tall, commanding players especially in the air and seem set to double up for their country in the immediate future. Sammer, though his priority is stopping goals, isn't afraid to break suddenly from defence and often surprises opponents with his upfield surges.

He is, consequently, high up in the goal-scoring charts and in one game scored a hat-trick against Jena!

Their supporters, too, have played a leading part in helping their team, especially at home in their 30,000 capacity Rudolf-Harbig Stadium which could be filled twice over for the bigger attractions.

In attack Dynamo rely heavily on the clever promptings of midfield star Hans Jurgen Kreische, whose skills enable him to bring the best out of two fast, raiding wingers, Rainer Sachse and Frank Richter. Richter is probably the discovery of the season and surprisingly is still at secondary school.

He is just one of many promising youngsters in the Dynamo set-up. For in all, the club has 16 teams and boasts that they have around 192 players below the age of 23 on their books. A fact which should ensure them of a very profitable time ahead.

Here is a run-down on the club's recent record in the League and its present first-team squad.

1960: Third place, Second Division.
1961–62: First place, Second Division.
1962–63: Thirteenth place, Second Division.
1963–64: First place, Second Divison.
1964–65: Tenth place, First Division.
1965–66: Fifth place, First Division.
1966–67: Fourth place, First Division.
1967–68: Thirteenth place, First Division.
1968–69: First place, Second Division.
1969–70: Third place, First Division.

Assistant manager Harry Nippert, aged 37; **captain** Hans Jurgen Kreische (23), capped 12 times; Frank Ganzerra (23), Dieter Rau (21), Uwe Ziegler (28), Frank Richter (18), Hans Jurgen Doerner (19), capped once; Wolfgang Haustein (28); **team-manager** Walter Fritsch (50); Meinhard Hemp (28), Rainer Sachse (20), Siegmar Waetzlich (24), Dieter Riedel (23), Peter Mayer (28), Manfred Kallenbach (28), Eduard Geyer (26), Dieter Urbanek (20), Gert Heidler (22).

RIVER PLATE ARE TOP....

ERIC WEIL in Argentina

ALTHOUGH a changed River Plate are, in patches, showing the "jogo bonito" under Didi which has been the Brazilian coach's trade-mark, the football in general being played in the current national championship has been poor with more emphasis on stopping the opposition. This is usually blamed on the provincial semi-professional teams which qualified for the championship via regional tournaments, but Metropolitan league teams are not blameless either.

The provincial semi-professionals may not have the know-how to stop First Division professionals by any other methods, but it must be said that they are doing better than ever this season, specially in section "A" where Gimnasia y Esgrima, from Mendoza, are sharing the lead with River Plate, while another of the provincials, Talleres (Cordoba), are not far behind. (See Soccertistics.)

Section "B" is topped by Rosario Central, another up-country team who are, however, regular First Division members. Estudiantes de La Plata are second, three points behind. The South American Cup holders, for the last three years, are on the way back after only just scraping into the national championship via a play-off. This is a popular "come-back", specially because they are doing it with more football and goals (15 in seven games).

The return of defenders, Manera and Aguirre Suarez, after their lengthy suspensions, has obviously made a difference. Many others, who were already in the team during their most successful season, 1967, have come back to top form, as well as some newcomers from the lower divisions, notably forward Romeo. Estudiantes have been in the doldrums long enough, except for South American Cup games, but with the type of soccer they played they deserved no better.

Ridiculous Situation

Last year's national champions, Boca Juniors, who are half-way down section "B", have been much below strength in the championship so far due to suspensions and injuries. None of their key men seem to have escaped either one or the other and even their sporting Peruvian defender, Melendez, back after a lengthy absence due to a knee operation, was sent off recently, but got off with only a caution thanks to his previous good conduct.

While in section "A", San Lorenzo and Newell's Old Boys are surprisingly low following good performances in the Metropolitan Championship earlier this season. Velez Sarsfield, the 1968 champions, are returning to power in section "B" with that controversial figure, Daniel Willington, making the wheels go round.

The most ridiculous of ridiculous situations here is that River Plate coach, Waldir Pereira "Didi", is not allowed to go on the field at any time with his team because the Argentine FA does not recognise him as a coach.

Reason is that he does not have a coaching certificate. The River Plate club has sent full details to the FA on the previous record of the Brazilian who has successfully coached Peruvian club, Sporting Cristal, for several years and then took the Peruvian national team to the quarter-finals of the World Cup for the first time in Mexico. River Plate even sent the credentials which the Mexican FA gave Didi for the World Cup finals, all to no avail so far.

It seems that Didi will now take a coaching course at the Argentine FA to obtain the necessary credentials. This is bureaucracy gone mad.

Another ridiculous situation — Buenos Aires is the city with most soccer stadiums in the world, it is said, but a Mexican official who was in charge of the World Cup organisation at Mexico, thought, during a recent visit here, that none of them are good enough to stage important World Cup games.

Meanwhile most provincial capitals have sent formal requests to the FA to be considered as World Cup venues and their stadiums are nowhere near those in Buenos Aires. The only project for a new stadium at the moment is one to be built at La Plata, to be shared by the city's two First Division clubs, Estudiantes and Gimnasia y Esgrima.

Daniel Willington, the controversial player who makes the wheels go round at Velez Sarsfield.

FIRST!

FIRST with the news! Weeks ago, in an interview with Lev Yashin, the idol of Russia, we told of his imminent retirement. The official announcement came on October 23 . . . exactly a month after "World Soccer" appeared on the bookstalls.

The same with Ferenc Puskas. We announced his appointment to the managerial chair of the Greek champions, Panathinaikos . . . three weeks before it reached the daily newspapers.

Now here's a point for discussion. What are the odds that Helenio Herrera will eventually become "Supremo" of the Italian National side?

★

The Annual Dance of the Managers has already begun in Spain. Domingo Balmanya has succeeded Jose Maria Martin as manager of Zaragoza . . . and the popular Hector Rial has become manager of Las Palmas (their third change in six months).

Last season only five of the 16 First Division managers retained their posts throughout the campaign.

I was at the airport when Hector Rial left for Las Palmas and asked if he wasn't sticking his neck out and walking into trouble. "Norman," he said "I like trouble." And he's right.

NORMAN CUTLER

Pele—the Ad King

BRAZIL'S most popular soccer stars are enjoying a unique position in that country's commercial television programmes. Since they lack well-known film stars, pop idols or any other noteworthy entertainers, the only major attraction are their beloved footballers whose image can successfully be propelled on to the small screen. That is why advertising sponsors are falling over themselves in Brazil to acquire the services of the world's greatest players.

The busiest performer is, of course, the "Black Pearl No. 1"—Pelé. He praises in various "breaks" a multitude of products like coffee, musical instruments, electric shavers, cosmetics, sports equipment, clothing, soft drinks and even financial investments. A Brazilian TV critic has actually taken the trouble to count Pelé's appearances on various channels. In one day, these reached the staggering total of 54! In these lucrative perks which form the principal earnings of this fabulous footballer lies the secret of why Pelé has been refusing to accept the many tempting offers to move abroad. His financial adviser explained recently: "Maybe there is someone who could have enticed Pelé with a £100,000 signing-on bonus, plus a dream contract, to play outside Brazil. But in this country no club can ever afford to pay him that much."

Compensate

But even the most profitable soccer contract would not compensate Pelé for his current rewards. All income from advertising, commissions, etc., would be lost and Brazilians might eventually even forget him. Worse still, they would never forgive him for emigrating. A man for whom thousands of cash registers are clicking daily in Brazil will always be better off than one who might earn more from football overseas—and for how long?—but who would lose so much more at home.

The Mexico triumph has also brought substantial profits for the other World Cup heroes involved in TV advertising, though their fees do not approach those commanded by Pelé. Gerson, a chain-smoker, praises a brand of cigarettes. In this sphere he needn't fear competition from Pelé who doesn't smoke and is teetotal. He even belongs to a militant anti-alcoholics society. "I would never recommend any spirits or tobacco, it's against my principles"—says the "Black Prince" of soccer. In fact he has rejected many lucrative offers from leading tobacco and wines and spirits manufacturers. A firm making whisky tried to tempt him recently with as much money for a brief commercial as he can earn from playing football for six months! All in vain. On the other hand he found it easy to refuse praising alcohol. For a soft drink combine dug deep into their pockets to reward Pelé for recommending their own harmless beverage.

Yes, Pelé swims in money. And he swims, with the help of cunning advisers, remarkably well....

EAST GERMANS RELISH TRIP TO ENGLAND

FOR many years East Germany has striven arduously to gain acceptance as an international force and so when the chance to meet England at Wembley arose the Germans eagerly agreed.

"This invitation of the English association is regarded by us as a token of honour and recognition," said Georg Buschner, coach to the national team.

Herr Buschner has long admired the methods of Sir Alf Ramsey and thinks along similar lines to the England team manager.

Before the England match the Germans faced two important European Championship matches, yet even so Buschner stressed: "I shall rely on the same players in whom I placed my confidence for the EC preliminaries."

These matches present the best chance the DDR has ever had of finally being accepted in the international sphere and these are the players who held all their hopes:

Goalkeepers: Juergen Crou (Sachsenring Zwickau) aged 24, 15 caps; Wolfgang Blochwitz (Carl Zeiss Jena) 29 (11).

Full-backs: Lothar Kurbjuweit (Carl Zeiss Jena) 20 (3); Michael Strempel (Carl Ziess Jena) 26 (3); Wolfgang Wruck (Union Berlin) 26 (5); Joachim Kern (Dynamo Dresden) 26 (0); Klaus Sammer (Dynamo Dresden) 28 (0); Otto Fraessdorf (Vorwaerts Berlin) 28 (32); Bernd Bransch (Chemie Halle) 26 (20).

Half-backs: Helmut Stein (Carl Zeiss Jena) 28 (12); Harald Irmscher (Carl Zeiss Jena) 24 (16); Hans Juergen Kreische (Dynamo Dresden) 23 (11); Rainer Schlutter (Carl Zeiss Jena) 24 (2).

Forwards: Eberhard Vogel (Carl Zeiss Jena) 27 (32); Peter Ducke (Carl Zeiss Jena) 29 (28); Juergen Sparwasser (Magdeburg) 22 (7); Henning Frenzel (Lokomotiv Leipzig) 28 (42); Wolfram Loewe (Lokomotiv Leipzig) 25 (15).

Peter Ducke of Carl Zeiss Jena and East Germany.

ALL SET FOR 1972

Report by KEN COULTRAM

THE football nations competing in the 1972 Olympic Games will travel out from the competitors' "village" in Munich for their first and second round matches in five centres. These are at Augsburg (60 kilometres from Munich, stadium capacity 37,000); Ingolstadt (65 kilometres, 20,000); Regensburg (120 kilometres, 20,000); Passau (160 kilometres, 20,000) and Nuremberg (190 kilometres, 53,000).

The players will travel in special trains provided by the German Federal Railway and meals will be served in the dining cars reserved for their exclusive use. As in the Olympic "village", a choice of dishes will be available and special items can be prepared at the request of individual teams.

This is just a fragment of the lavish operation which promises to make this XXth Olympiad the greatest ever.

The final itself will be played in the 80,000-capacity Olympic Stadium, slap bang in the centre of the Olympic area which "houses" other stadia, courts, fields, tracks, and swimming pool; accommodation centres for all the athletes, their trainers and officials; a press city; open-air theatre; artificial lake for beach and boat-hire; alpine gardens and a car park for 10,000 vehicles.

Also on this remarkable site will be 5,000 trees and 180,000 bushes and shrubs; 750 street lamps; 21 miles of roads and footpaths; 32 bridges; two mammoth restaurants seating a total of 10,000; three genuine Munich beer gardens to hold 5,000; and four information bureaux. While overlooking the entire complex is the 957 ft. high television tower with a viewing area and a revolving restaurant for 216 visitors which can rotate at three different speeds. Completed two years ago, this is the highest ferro-concrete structure in central Europe.

The Olympic Stadium, with seating for 48,000, will be 50 per cent covered by a fantastic, ingenious "tent roof" of acryl glass; the showpiece of Munich's Olympic skyline. This material resembles spectacle glass, has a greyish-brown tint and is translucent enough to ensure shadow-free colour TV photography.

Approach

The substance is non-inflammable and is sufficiently strong to carry a fall of snow! Some 800,000 square feet of "tent roof" will shelter half the Olympic Stadium, two other stadiums and a number of the approach roads and it will be supported on pylons, some nearly 270 ft. in height. The Stadium will also be equipped with 550 floodlights ensuring an illumination equivalent to that of 245,000 60-watt bulbs. And the turf itself will be heated via 62,000 ft. of steel and synthetic piping. Nothing, it seems, has been overlooked.

The Olympic area, approximately one square mile in size, is known as the Oberwiesenfeld and, until 1945, was the site of Munich's airport. Later it was used for exhibitions, gardening — and 383 million cubic feet of the city's bomb rubble.

"Fortunately," a staff member at the Olympics administration block told me, "this area was not developed over the years and it proved to be the ideal location when we knew we had secured the Olympics in April 1966." The Oberwiesenfeld is only 2½ miles from Munich's centre and will be served by suburban and underground railway links.

Spectators

The event promises to be within the pocket of all spectators and compares favourably with prices for Europe's last Olympiad which I attended in Rome in 1960. Tickets will cost from 5 D-marks (about 11s. 6d.) with a maximum price of 30 D-marks in the intermediate football rounds and 60 D-marks in the final itself. A total of 4.5 million tickets are being printed; approximately one-third of those for the Munich events being offered to visitors from abroad.

Finally, the dates. The Games are to be held from August 26 to September 10 with the football being staged on August 28, 29, 30 and 31 and September 1, 2, 5, 7 and 10. The competitors will contest 365 gold, 365 silver and 382 bronze medals.

And my only advice is book early—or you may kick yourself!

NORMAN CUTLER reports

Heads hung in shame

IN Estadio Sant'Elia, Cagliari, during the European Cup match with the Italian champions, Atletico Madrid, Spain's representatives, joined that infamous roll of clubs ... Estudiantes, Celtic, River Plate ... who put success before honour and brought discredit to club and country.

Never before have I seen such dangerous, degrading football from a Spanish team. Atletico's first 45 minutes was a ghastly business, killer football with a vengeance that made us bow our heads in shame.

Marcel Domingo, Atletico Madrid's "all-talking" French-born manager, said when the season opened, "... there is little doubt that the European Cup will return to Madrid." When they were drawn against Cagliari he added "... I have no reason to change my mind."

Then he went on a spying mission. The Italian club directors met him at the airport, honoured him and throughout his stay gave him top VIP treatment. Domingo returned home a little less confident, having realised that Cagliari were no push-over. Few papers published his statement, "The European Cup is not everything ... to win the League is our chief objective." A strange change of heart?

When the Atletico players left Barrajas Airport for Sardinia they were "optimistic" but edgy and nervous. Domingo, restless and unusually silent, said "I'm a realist" ... and left it at that.

The atmosphere and expectation on arrival in the Sardinian capital was extraordinary. This was not unexpected, for Atletico were the most famous-ever foreign visitors ... and they were treated as such.

At breakfast-time on the morning of the game Atletico launched the finest of "public relations" stunts. The streets of Cagliari, sunlit between rainstorms, were flooded with magnificently printed booklets giving Atletico's history, biographies, coloured photos of the players and directors, autographs and scenes from the club's previous matches. It was a first-class idea ... and 10,000 copies which arrived with the Madrid party, were distributed to the football-crazy public of Cagliari. Not surprisingly it sent up Madrid's stock ... and as the players took their pre-lunch stroll they were greeted everywhere with smiles and compliments.

A few hours before the kick-off Marcel Domingo, in an interview, said: "Cagliari are a great side. Our chief worry is their speedy trio Gori, Domenghini-Nene who form the amazon of the side ... and naturally Riva, their most dangerous player ... but we have a plan worked out."

Yes ... Don Marcel, or Monsieur Domingo, certainly had a plan worked out.

Fifty thousand expectant fans packed the new Estadio Sant'Elia ... in spite of intermittent storms that fell throughout the day ... and in less than three minutes saw the shape of things to come. Domenghini fell writhing to the ground, brought down by Calleja with the most violent of tackles. Any English or Spanish referee would have instantly sent off the Madrid full-back. Two minutes later Nene suffered the same fate from Overejo, and within eight minutes *each of the speedy trio Atletico most feared* were limping from tackles more suited to waterfront brawls or commando fighting.

Retaliation

It was ghastly ... we hung our heads in shame.

The most remarkable thing was the amount of brutality the Cagliari players took, philosophically and bravely, without the slightest hint of retaliation.

For 40 minutes and 16 fouls that made our blood run cold, they kept their tempers and patiently tried to play football. But after Riva—he had just scored the first goal—was badly hurt by a crunching hip-high tackle by Jayo ... the explosion came. An Italian straight right (worthy of Cassius Clay) knocked a Madrid defender for six ... and we had quite a spectacular battle on our hands. More followed after the game restarted ... the referee held up play and lectured captains, managers and directors on the touchline ... and extended the first half by 12 minutes, during which Gori scored Cagliari's second goal.

Referee Krnevek (Czechoslovakia), asked afterwards why he never sent off at least three players, said: "Disturbances during these matches are normal due to an excess of nerves." Nerves didn't account for what happened on that ground that evening. I can't help thinking that the referee could have stopped it had he shown the least authority instead of making a decision, then walking away.

He even seemed to be making excuses for Atletico ... but there are no extenuating circumstances whatsoever for what Riva and Domenghini experienced. At the end the legs of both looked as if they had been in a tank of hungry sharks.

Lazio's Giorgio Chinaglia is tackled by Nene of Cagliari in an Italian league match.

FOULKES' BENEFIT SEASON

by ERIC THORNTON

HE used to say at one time that it wouldn't pay him to turn professional.

Of course, that was way back in the old days, long before Mr. Wilson's gimmick about the pound in your pocket, and when Spurs had just made sensational news by paying Southampton £21,000 for an up-and-coming full-back by the name of Alf Ramsey.

The fantastic period when Manchester City chairman Alan Douglas dramatically offered Denis Law £100 a week to turn his back on Italian lira was merely in the distant realms of improbability.

Life was tougher. Wage packets were smaller. William Foulkes knew how many shillings made ten bob, and needed some coaxing to change a set and fairly pleasant way of life.

After all, this long-limbed fellow lived among his own friendly folk in the glass-blowing town of St. Helens, where he was on a reasonably good number as an assistant to the manager of a local colliery.

That was the position when Manchester United got him in their sights. It was the early '50s, and this six-footer of brawn, agility and a matching brain looked particularly promising. So they decided to recruit him. But that was easier said than accomplished. Mister Foulkes was no easy capture.

Well-balanced

He loved the game, and often wondered how far he might go yet, in the same moment, a well-balanced judgement always checked those young sporting ambitions.

There were cold facts to be considered. He was picking up 15 quid a week at the pit, which was a considerable salary just then, whereas part-time professionals were only being handed six in the summer, and an extra one in the winter, with occasional bonuses as softeners.

They talked it over, Matt Busby, the manager of only a few years, and the collier who liked the weekday job and football in his spare time. Even then, this knight of the British game had wonderful persuasive powers.

Bill astonished his close friends by deciding to give it a try. It meant a tremendous daily schedule of extra travel, fatigue, and less sleep. I wonder how many of today's youngsters would maintain this itinerary: 5.30 a.m.—rise; 7 a.m.—working down the pit; 2.30 p.m.—leaving for dinner; 3.45 p.m.—boarding train at St. Helens railway station; 6.30 p.m.—commence night training at Old Trafford; 8.30 p.m.—leave for train home; 10.15 p.m.—arrive back in St. Helens; 11.15 p.m.—bed.

That is how he gradually edged into the professional side of the game, and is just one of hundreds of big reasons why the club have made this his benefit season—the winter of acknowledgement, the ultimate reward for loyalty, performance and achievement.

Looking back at the early times with Whiston Boys' Club, when inside-forwards used to bounce off him, this star of two decades is probably amazed at his own long, unbroken service in the top flight.

There were many in his teenage days who said the tougher Rugby League code might be the best, but a majority backed a soccer career, and time has proved them right. For since leaving the amateur ranks for the world-famous outfit in the Borough of Stretford, Foulkes has worn the England shirt, played in more than a dozen different countries, and won European, FA Cup and championship medals. The lot.

Graduated

The year 1952 marked the start for this forthright no-nonsense defender who graduated at full-back before stepping up into the No. 5 spot, and has now played in 563 league games. Altogether, including European and FA Cup-ties and tours, he has made over 650 first-team appearances! What a record!

Here's how he built up the league fixtures: 1952–53 2, 1953–54 32, 1954–55 41, 1955–56 26, 1956–57 39, 1957–58 42, 1958–59 32, 1959–60 42, 1960–61 40, 1961–62 40, 1962–63 41, 1963–64 41, 1964–65 42, 1965–66 33, 1966–67 33, 1967–68 24, 1968–69 10, 1969–70 3.

He came into his own at centre-half shortly after Allenby Chilton stepped down and moved over to the East Coast as manager of Grimsby Town. Around that time the internationals in the camp included Johnny Aston, Johnny Carey, Henry Cockburn, Stan Pearson and Jack Rowley.

One by one, they gradually faded from the park, and he became surrounded by such new caps as Roger Byrne, Tommy Taylor, Duncan Edwards, Dennis Viollet, Jackie Blanchflower and Wilf McGuinness, then came Bobby Charlton, Nobby Stiles, Denis Law, Pat Crerand, George Best and Brian Kidd.

He was in the championship line-ups of 1956, 1957, 1965, and 1967, the FA Cup finals of 1957, 1958, and 1963, and, of course, the European battle with Benfica, at Wembley, in May, 1968, when United became the first English club to carry off the coveted trophy.

It's been a long, long trail for William Foulkes, master footballer, golfer extraordinary, survivor of Munich, and a fine sporting example to all. . . .

FRASER ELDER *just back from a trip to Czechoslovakia*

SPARTA PRAGUE ... HEADING FOR THE TOP!

ONE of the most interesting sports complexes in Europe at this time must certainly be the Sparta Prague set-up in Czechoslovakia. With 18 sports operating under the banner of Sparta, every effort is being made to establish the club as the foremost organisation in the city.

From the football point of view, the stadium is classed as the finest in the country and after viewing the ground myself during Dundee United's Fairs Cup visit last month, I would not dispute this rating.

The football club itself rates more than a mention as it is fast becoming quite a power domestically and the aim is to get back to the summit as soon as possible.

But while the Sparta side is firing on all cylinders, much of the credit for the Prague club's return to the big time must be given to a tape-recording!

Tucked away under the stand is one of the most remarkable football museums in the world and visitors, no matter what nationality, are given a full commentary about the feats and aims of the club.

Back in 1934, the Sparta club was hit by a severe body blow when the main grandstand was destroyed by fire and along with it went over 500 trophies and the entire history of the club.

Today, the new Sparta football museum spotlights 1,069 trophies plus a symbolic showcase showing the charred remains of a few of the cups which were salvaged from the 1934 blaze.

Visitors to the "Hall of Fame" are warned they are treading on sacred soil and for a visiting team, on Fairs Cup business, the whole production is awe-inspiring.

The stadium itself is a masterpiece of planning and architecture. Low level stands jig-saw in with cantilever erections and the capacity is around the 42,000 mark. Outside the ground work is going on feverishly to complete training grounds and accommodation for athletes.

"We hope to have the best facilities in Czechoslovakia very soon," says club secretary Dr. Lubomir Bednar. "In the past things have been difficult for us and as a result Sparta has dropped out of the headlines.

"But with a fine new stadium behind us we are hoping to return to the top of the ladder and regain our former glories."

The "battle" of Prague ... between Sparta, Dukla and Slavia has the look of being one of the most intriguing football dramas on the Continent in the future. But with such a marvellous tradition ... and of course that impressive tape recording, one would be tempted to put crowns on Sparta's revival.

Ericsson appointed

by FRANK SJOMAN

THE Swedish FA have named the successor to Ovar Bergmark, who resigned his post and managed the Swedish team for the last time against Eire. He is Georg Ericsson, a well-known and much respected figure in Swedish soccer.

He was outside-left for IFK Norrkoping during their triumphant period in the early 40s and joined them as manager in 1955. Success quickly followed and during eight consecutive seasons led them to five championships and in the other three years they were runners-up.

Technical

It was this impressive record which made the FA engage him as technical adviser in the beginning. He became Bergmark's right-hand man as well as manager of the Swedish Under-23 team. So when he took over from Bergmark nobody was really surprised.

Ericsson's methods are a complete contrast to those of his predecessor. He achieved his successes with Norrkoping through playing attacking soccer and is very outspoken. Because of this he has often been compared to Malcolm Allison, the coach of Manchester City.

His only serious challenger for the post was the current manager of Atvidaberg, Bengt Gustavsson, an ex-professional with Atalanta. He was instead put in charge of the Under-23 team.

The League season ended in this country with Malmo FF once again annexing the title. But the team of the moment are surely Hammarby. The club, which draws its support almost entirely from the southern part of Stockholm, have always been known as the yo-yo team going up and down between the First and Second Division like clockwork.

They have always endeavoured to play entertaining soccer but luck hasn't always been kind to them. And this season just ended looked like ending much the same way. At one stage they were bottom of the table with a bare six points from eight games before the transformation.

In the autumn they re-signed their old star Tom Turesson back from Bruges in Belgium and soon the tide began to turn. With him they steadily improved and finished unbeaten in their last 11 games and failed by only one point to clinch fourth place, which would have been the pinnacle of their history to date.

Their run provoked such enthusiasm, however, that they won over the support of the public on a scale never known before. Suddenly this unknown club became the envy of Sweden. Their supporters adopted a British-type style, singing and chanting throughout a match, ever encouraging their team. Even more so if they happened to be losing.

Results

This had never been known in these parts before and evoked excellent results from the players. Finally the atmosphere created reached breaking point and Hammarby had to move from their 15,000-capacity ground to the Rasunda Stadium, which holds 50,000, to accommodate all the fans who were now flocking from all parts of Stockholm to see them.

Hammarby, it must be said, rely heavily on locally produced players and therefore their performance is even more meritorious. Also, without them the season would have just been another ordinary, dull term but now attendances are on the up and up again and interest is high.

Helmut Haller of Juventus scores against Barcelona in a Fairs Cup match.

LAS PALMAS SCOOP RIAL

IN 1965–66, 24 hours after qualifying as a national team manager, Rial was called to Real Mallorca, struggling to retain their First Division status. He failed by a decimal point. The following season he went to Pontevedra and in three years built the weakest side in the league into one of great potential.

Desperate Zaragoza (1968–69) lured him from Pontevedra (who without him were immediately relegated). He not only put them on their feet but took them to the Cup semi-final. Now Las Palmas, without a win in their first seven games, are relying on Rial.

Incidentally, in my showpiece cabinet is a telegram that Hector Rial sent me from Wembley after the England-Argentine rumpus in the 1966 World Cup. (He was the South American country's assistant manager.) It reads:

I've just discovered. There are only three gentlemen in England . . . Winston Churchill, Bobby Charlton and Norman Cutler. Regards to all.
Hector Rial.

Barcelona century

Barcelona's second leg Fairs Cup game with Juventus was their 100th in European competitions.

Overseas games have taken them to France, Holland, England, Italy, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden, Germany, Bulgaria, Austria, Yugoslavia, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Scotland, Poland and Switzerland. Triumphs? Three times winners of the Fairs Cup (1956, 1960 and 1966) and runners-up of the European Cup (1961) and Cup Winners Cup (1969).

The club's biggest win was a 6-0 home victory over a London XI in 1957–58, but the most unusual was undoubtedly against Chelsea in the Fairs Cup semi-final in 1965–66. The score after the home and away games was 2-2, and Barcelona won the third encounter 5-0. Nine goals . . . all of which were scored by Barcelona. (Chelsea's 2-0 win at Stamford Bridge was by two own-goals.)

For the record the Catalan club have played 100, won 52, drawn 25 and lost 23.

★ NORMAN CUTLER

FUTURE OF NASL REMAINS CLOUDY

by COLIN JOSE

DESPITE continuing efforts by Phil Woosnam, the executive director of the North American Soccer League (NASL), to expand and consolidate the league, the future of this organisation which is vital to the future of soccer in the United States remains cloudy.

Activities in recent weeks have centred around renewed attempts to set up franchises in Toronto, Chicago and New York. All three cities had franchises in the NASL in 1968 and are regarded as key cities in the promotion of soccer in the United States and Canada.

Woosnam along with Lamar Hunt, a member of the league's expansion committee have spent a considerable amount of time in Toronto recently talking to Steve Stavro the owner of Toronto City Soccer Club. Earlier in the year another Toronto group headed by Mr. Sid Banks had applied for an NASL franchise based on certain conditions but this fell through.

Indications are that Stavro, despite an earlier decision to reduce his soccer operations, is at the present time seriously considering entering a team in the NASL in 1971. However a great many details remain to be ironed out before the NASL can add Toronto to their map.

Reverse

Should the well regarded Toronto City organisation decide to enter it could have the effect of inducing other groups in other cities to join and possibly reverse the decisions of some clubs who are considering dropping out of the professional soccer picture.

At the present time, of the six clubs who made up the NASL this past summer only two — St. Louis and Dallas — would appear to be certainties for 1971, while of the four other clubs Atlanta and Rochester are experiencing some financial difficulties, and Washington and Kansas City are still extremely doubtful.

Following that stormy meeting in Philadelphia in September at which the American Soccer League collapsed, efforts are still being made to introduce completely new teams into the organisation. One such club that is definitely interested in an ASL franchise is the newly formed Syracuse Suns who are not to be confused with the Syracuse Scorpions who operated in the league during the past two seasons.

Various clubs in the states of Virginia, New Jersey, New York and Connecticut have expressed an interest in joining along with a team from Baltimore.

Magill steers B1909 into the top grade

From ARNE JENSEN in Denmark

GOOD news from Denmark for Arsenal fans. The former Arsenal and Irish international full-back Jim Magill is a successful trainer in Denmark. He has just steered the second division team B1909 of Odense to a first division place.

B1909 is one of the Danish yo-yo teams. Last season they dropped out of the first division, but this season Magill, who had a spell with Viborg, a third division club, took over.

There is still one round to go in the second division, but B1909 are already sure of a place in the top rank. The other teams who fight for a first division place are AGF of Aarhus and Koege.

Magill is in better training than most of his first team players. Explains Magill: "I like to be able to show my players exactly what they have to do. The only way is to be the best trained person in the club. That is why I train every day with my four-year-old son Michael.

"I have done regular training for 15 years and I keep it up because I feel well when my stamina is good.

"I have a wonderful bunch of players and I am sure we will do well in the first division. I will see to it that we do not drop out again next year.

"Our next aim is to win the Danish Cup tournament. Our confidence is great at the moment and I am sure we will do well in a knock-out tournament as well."

Magill, 31, does a bit of drawing in his spare time. He says: "I find it very relaxing. It is a hard job being a trainer, and the best way to come away from the problems is to take a pencil in your hand. There are many beautiful motives in the Danish landscape."

Vanlöse is relegated from the second division and Holbaek, Fremad Amager and Ikast are still hoping to avoid the drop. New teams in the second division are Silkeborg and Slagelse, who both dropped out last season.

Jimmy Magill, one-time Arsenal full-back, now the manager of Danish club B1909 Odense.

BOTEV VRATZA TRAIL CSKA

UNFASHIONABLE Botev Vratza won their first five games in a row with a goals tally of 11 to 1 and despite a shattering 0-4 defeat against Levski in Sofia are still tucked in, in second place, behind the Army club CSKA Sofia.

Levski are hanging on, too, a clear five points behind the leaders. Without Asparoukhov, Levski went down 1-0 to neighbours Akademik and then beat Spartak Pleven by a nose. In this match both sides were awarded penalties — Kotkov scoring for Levski, but Spartak seeing their attempt rebound into play off a post.

Etar Tirnovo, in their second season in the top flight, appear to have adjusted themselves. After a 1-1 draw with Slavia in Sofia (Simeonov & Co.), Etar share third place, level on points with Levski and Trakia, the latter being champions not long ago when known as Botev Plovdiv. The two teams new to the top class this season, Yambol and Gabrovo, appear to have an even chance of survival.

Petar Jekov, a regular 30-goal-a-year man for CSKA, appears to be out of touch just now. Fortunately Dimitr Yakimov, playing up alongside Jekov instead of in midfield as he has in the past, is in scintillating form. In addition to 13 league goals in nine games, Yakimov also hit five in the 9-0 European Cup Winners Cup game v. Valkeakosken Haka and two more in the second leg.

Mystery Cruyff injury furore

from HANS MOLENAAR in Holland

Feyenoord's Ove Kindvall watches as two Volendam defenders get into a tangle.

SENSATION followed sensation in Dutch football in the autumn. After winning the European Cup against Celtic and the Inter-Continental Cup versus Estudiantes, Feyenoord of Rotterdam were eliminated by the unknown Rumanian team UT, from the textile town of Arad in Western Rumania, from this year's European Cup.

But that was far from all! The blow Arad delivered was so severe that the team lost all confidence and conceded four points in the first nine League games. Coach Ernst Happel said after the first defeat in the League (against Telstar lying 14th in the table): "We have technique, power and tactical know-how, this black period is all psychological."

The surprise of the season so far is the form of ADO of The Hague, who remain unbeaten after nine games. The team, who are coached by the former Sparta Prague chief Vaclav Jezek, dropped only one point and that to Feyenoord in Rotterdam. They are especially strong in the "Zuiderpark", the region of The Hague which gave them the name for their 26,000-capacity stadium.

Change

In their first five games no opposing side managed a goal at the Zuiderpark. What has caused this change in the club, though? Last summer the club signed two forwards and they seemed to have made all the difference.

ADO's Norwegian international Harald Berg recommended to the club's manager, Eddy Hartman, that he buy a completely unknown Norwegian Second Division player named Harry Hestad, of whom no one had heard.

Hartman and coach Jezek travelled to Norway, signed him on the spot and he's been there ever since.

His second signing was Wietse Couperus from Haarlem in exchange for two ADO reserves.

The inclusion of these two brought an immediate improvement, giving the team far more confidence especially in front of goal. In fact, ADO's Lex Schoenmaker was sharing first place in the goalscorers' list after nine games with Groenendijk, a player of the newly formed team of FC Utrecht, which is an amalgamation between DOD Utrecht, Elinkwijk and Velox, clubs from the First, Second and Third Divisions respectively. And second is Wietse Couperus.

Holland's most valuable and gifted player, John Cruyff, was the centre of another sensation. Cruyff missed a couple of games at the start of the season with groin trouble but was declared fit after a few weeks' rest and treatment. He played in Ajax's first eleven again but walked off with a new injury.

Furious

After examination, however, the Ajax medical unit insisted that there was nothing wrong with him. This brought a furious retort from him: "I am accused of inventing injury, why should I? It only costs me money."

The row raged throughout the country for days before finally Cruyff was cleared and his injury diagnosed. But in the meantime Ajax's fortunes had slumped. Two defeats and three draws left them six points behind ADO.

This doesn't perturb them, though. They eagerly remember a similar situation two years ago when they were nine points behind FC Twente and still managed to win the Championship.

One of those two reverses funnily enough came from FC Twente and the goal from 18-year-old Rene van de Kerkhof, who only stepped into the big time this season from the amateur ranks. He was a former amateur international.

In view of the leeway between ADO and the rest of the field Feyenoord and Ajax are seeking new talent in order to catch up.

Retired

Feyenoord are trying their hardest to persuade West Germany's Jurgen Grabowski to join them from Eintracht Frankfurt, while great rivals Ajax has sent their former international Henl Groot, who has now retired, to Scandinavia and Germany to find fresh goal-scorers. In Holland clubs can sign foreigners in the second half of December although internal transfers are not allowed at the moment ... except of those players who were on the summer transfer lists but were not sold.

At the foot of the league table are AZ '67 of Alkmaar, a town famous for its cheese—certainly not for its football team, who after nine games have only two points (both draws) to their credit. The side is managed by the former coach of the Luxembourg National XI, Robert Heinz, but even at this early stage looked booked for relegation.

FOOTBA INCRE

Valdes of Gijon outjumps Real's Sanchis (3) to score his side's goal during their 1-1 draw in Madrid.

SANTIAGO BERNABEU

Creator of Real's fame talks to NORMAN CUTLER

REAL MADRID is accepted as the most distinguished football club in the world, gaining, in the last 20 years, every top playing honour, not once, but several times. Success has brought financial reward, honour, respect and admiration to both club and players. They have become a legend, an example that so many clubs strive to emulate.

But all this just didn't happen. It came about through devotion and dedication ... the life's work of one man, Santiago Bernabeu, the club's president for the last 27 years.

The Grand Old Man of Madrid ... he's 75 now—goes into a flaming rage when one insists that he was the creator and architect of Real Madrid's universal fame. Rage or not, it's true, and time someone told the world a little about him.

Don Santiago has played an active part with Real Madrid (founded 68 years ago) for 61 years. Stop and think about that! Sixty-one years with the same club. No man, anywhere, has given so many years of his life, and achieved so much, for one club.

He has scored goals for Real ... captained the side ... managed the team ... directed the day to day business ... signed players ... made decisions ... found and moulded ideal collaborators ... and has become a great father figure. It would just not be Real Madrid without him.

Today he spends a lot of his time with his wife, Dona Maria, at Santa Pola, a little fishing village a few miles south of Alicante. His modest chalet — there's nothing ostentatious about Bernabeu— houses his football treasures and priceless archives of which the section devoted to Real Madrid weighs nearly a ton. It is also the base for frequent fishing expeditions with local fishermen and villagers ... his only interest other than Real.

He speaks French fluently, English, German and Italian sufficiently ... and because of the countless journeys with the team to foreign countries, the word "Thank you" in over 50 languages.

Meetings

Don Santi, although not so active as he was, is still very much the working president. He attends all board meetings ... sees most home matches and occasional away games ... and only on rare occasions does the team travel abroad without its president.

But let us go back ... a long way back. Bernabeu was born on June 8, 1895, in Almansa, near Albacete. He missed being a Madrilenian (one of his few regrets) only because his Cuban mother (his father came from Valencia) was advised by her doctors to move to the warmer south a few weeks before he was born.

In 1909—the family was by now back in Madrid—Santiago joined Real Madrid (only seven years old) as a 14-year-old juvenile player. Four years later he has his début for the senior side ... became captain ... and played regularly until nearing his 30s. When he gave up playing, instead of following his career as a lawyer, Bernabeu decided to stay with the club. He became assistant manager ... manager ... then a director (as well as general secretary) until the outbreak of the Civil War.

On September 15, 1943, Santiago Bernabeu, having been with the club 34 years and serving in every capacity, was elected president. In less than a year the human personality and dignity of the new president had changed the character of the club. It became elegant, exclusive, somewhat "snooty", yet, quite contradictory, a family club, with a remarkably friendly and "we're all in this together" atmosphere. The president's enthusiasm, shrewd judgement, inspiration and drive began to bring results as well.

The successes of Real Madrid during the succeeding years are legion, they literally won everything ... and associated with those triumphs are famous names like Di Stefano, Rial, Gento, Puskas and Santamaria. But how many link the name of Santiago Bernabeu with the club's glory ... at least, how many outside Spain?

Yet it was Bernabeu who brought the then unknown Di Stefano from the Argentine ... and signed the French star Kopa, then Luis Hon and Hector

ALL'S MOST DIBLE MAN

Rial. It was Bernabeu who whisked Gento from under the nose of Barcelona. It was Bernabeu who sent manager Osterreicher to Italy in search of the missing Ferene Puskas ... and found him. It was Bernabeu who advised the signing of Miguel Munoz as manager after ten years as a Real player. *It was indeed Bernabeu who directed and dictated the remarkable rise of Real Madrid ... slowly at first, then accelerating into incredible triumphs which made them, from the middle-50s, the greatest side Europe has ever seen.*

And it was Bernabeu who bought the land and built the club's great stadium ... and the Real Madrid Sports City ... and the gigantic indoor sports arena!

One of the most important factors in Real's success and the key policy of Bernabeu's reign as president, is his devotion and regard for the players and the insistence that they are human beings with different characters, temperaments and outlook and each should be treated as such.

Real have 25 registered league players and by presidential order no one is looked upon as a reserve ... all are members of the first team squad.

Loyalty

"Yes ... I played a small part in building the club," he modestly admits. "But most credit must go to the players ... all of them, down through the years. They are always my first consideration ... they are the club ... without them and their loyalty success would have been impossible.

"There is another important section, vitally important, one that is often forgotten," he says. "... I mean the wonderful other team, the one we have behind the scenes ... the real heart of the club. Raimundo Saporta (vice-president) ... his loyalty and love of the club is unbelievable. Francisco Lusaretta (vice-president) ... he's prepared to fight for ever and his intelligent advice cannot be measured. Pedro Mendez (who directed the building of the Stadium and Sports City) ... he's terribly modest but I always say 'Close the door, don't let him escape.' Jose Velazquez (president of Sports City) ... I have no words to praise him sufficiently. Antonio Calderon (general manager) ... he never stops working, he just lives for the club. I'm sure he hasn't a home. Agustin Dominguez (general secretary) ... they don't come any better.

"All these remarkable men work indefatigably behind the scenes. They've all played, and are still playing, a vital part in the building of our beloved club."

Criticism? "I don't care what anyone says about me personally. But when they attack the club and players, I fight ... fight hard," says Bernabeu.

And how he fought last season when Real, through unprecedented injuries, had their worst league season for years. The Madrid press turned the period of struggle into almost a national crisis. Their attacks ranged from disappointment to bitterness and viciousness which in the end became just plain stupidity.

This was Santiago Bernabeu's finest hour. Weekly he met the newspapermen and faced their concerted attacks.

"There is nothing wrong with Real Madrid that patience and reasonable understanding won't put right. We will recover ..." was his attitude.

One incident (I've written this before) aptly sums up Santiago Bernabeu's wisdom and understanding. When manager Miguel Munoz was the centre of abuse, and faced with widespread press demands to resign, he talked to the president. Only 12 words were spoken.

"Do you want to leave?"

"No," said Munoz.

"Then what are you arguing about?" said Bernabeu ... and next day extended Munoz's contract.

Yes ... he really is football's most remarkable character.

Velazquez in the customary all-white of Real Madrid tackles Valdes of newly promoted Real Gijon.

WEST GERMAN NEWSLETTER from ARTHUR ROTMIL

MÜLLER TO THE RESCUE!

ONE of the golden rules of sport is to never underestimate your opponents. Teams and individuals who forget this often pay dearly for complacency and over-confidence when facing adversaries of a modest status and poor record past or present.

West Germany's national side, reared on recent successes, embarked on their second venture in the European Championship having ignored the bitter lesson of the first. Three years ago they only managed a goal-less draw in Albania, whom they expected to beat in a canter, and were pipped by the Yugoslavs for a quarter-final place. Now they imagined Turkey to be a mere push-over and dropped a vital home point when drawing 1-1 at Cologne on October 17.

It would be futile to advance any excuses, for the harsh truth is that the Germans played badly and the fact that they had enough chances to win this encounter merely serves to emphasise their lamentable failure in attack. Yet this was the same side which played so well against Hungary (3-1) barely a month ago, except that Overath returned after injury, replacing the retired Seeler.

A full house of 53,000 at the Müngersdorf stadium watched in stunned disbelief as the great Gerd Müller—Europe's most prolific goal-getter with 38 league goals last season, plus the World Cup's top scorer with ten into the bargain—managed only one direct shot at goal through the 90 minutes.

A tremendous roar from the 8,000 Turkish guest workers in the crowd heralded their first goal by Kamarun (16 minutes) after a dreadful mistake by Weber. Only a penalty by Müller, who was brought down by Muzzafer (37 minutes), levelled the scores. Any further comment on this affair can be safely left to the jubilant Turks.

In the Bundesliga, defending champions Borussia Mönchen-Gladbach took advantage of the inconsistency of their nearest foes to establish themselves among the leading contenders. Borussia have survived some narrow escapes and are certainly less convincing than during their great run last season. The main challenge will probably come from Bayern Munich, who are also well placed in the Fairs Cup, but who so nearly pulled out of this competition.

After a rough game against Glasgow Rangers they suffered four casualties and promptly lost their first league match of the season to newly promoted Arminia at Bielefeld 0-1. The club lost money on the tie with Rangers whilst the players, incensed over their experiences in Glasgow, asked the management to withdraw from the Fairs Cup.

Following several lengthy discussions with the board it was decided to continue in order to "preserve the prestige of Bayern in Europe". It will be remembered that Hamburger SV retired from the 1968–69 Fairs Cup, after reaching the quarter-finals, because they regarded the domestic Cup and League fixtures as more important than a minor tournament, in which their players were running the risk of unnecessary injuries. Well, Bayern certainly improved their image, for after disposing of Rangers they slammed Coventry in the next round by 6-1 at home.

Gerd Müller of Bayern Munich wins this aerial challenge against Berti Vogts of Monchengladbach.

Devastating

Gerd Müller, who is of course the most marked forward in German football, has not been quite as devastating as last season and allowed Franz Roth to get most of the Bayern goals at the start of the league campaign. But now he also faces a formidable challenge from 25-year-old Karl-Heinz Vogt of Kaiserslautern, who hammered four goals against Kickers Offenbach (4-0) and followed up with a brilliant hat-trick in the 4-1 win over Rotweiss Oberhausen.

A remarkable run of success has lifted Schalke 04 up to the leading group. Since they dismissed manager Rudi Gutendorf, the "Knappen"—as they are called here—surprised even their most ardent fans. But except for a new-found spirit, the current fine displays are clearly the fruits of Gutendorf's labours. After 52 home games without defeat—since January 18, 1968 (!)—Rotweiss Essen crashed at last to Eintracht Brunswick by 0-1. But manager Herbert Burdenski has fewer worries than, for example, Klaus Ochs of Hamburger SV. This famous club has slumped so alarmingly that Uwe Seeler was asked to play as a "sweeper" (!) against Schalke, but despite reasonably good efforts in this unaccustomed position, Uwe returned to the attack a week later.

Speaking Personally

LESLIE VERNON

Wrong for footballers to 'rock the boat'

FREEDOM of speech is the right of every citizen in a democratic society. This basic, vital principle applies to lunatics, peers and even professional footballers. On the other hand, hypocrisy is part of our way of life. An ancient philosopher once said that all virtues have small blemishes and all sins have redeeming features. The excuse for a certain amount of hypocrisy is that if we all preached what we practise, the current social structure would be in chaotic disorder.

Once this truism is accepted, it becomes obvious where the recent victims, Jackie Charlton, Peter Eustace and Martin Peters, went wrong.

They have offended the unwritten code of hypocrisy and will never be completely exonerated. I have no sympathy with these offenders—not because I am on the side of the hypocrites, but because it is unforgivable for a footballer to "knock the game" which gives him a great deal of pleasure and an even greater deal of money.

There must be "honour amongst thieves" in every profession. A bookmaker would never say publicly that some bookmakers are crooks, a butcher would not criticise other butchers, and the solidarity amongst doctors, solicitors, etc., is proverbial.

Utterances

Consequently, "freedom of speech" must be tempered with sound judgement, public utterances must be carefully thought out. I don't believe Jackie Charlton had done this before his ill-fated TV interview. A likeable extrovert, he just said the first thing which came into his head, not realising that the press and public are always eager to pounce on anything slightly controversial.

Jackie's reference to his "black book" and the one or two names in it was nothing more than an unfunny joke. A few weeks ago, after the Liverpool v. Ferencvaros Fairs Cup tie, the Hungarian players told me in the coach taking us back to the hotel that I should warn Alun Evans not to go to Budapest, because he will be "done".

I didn't notice Evans doing anything particularly vicious during the game, but players have a different point of view regarding opponents. I forgot the incident instantly and Evans played against Ferencvaros in the second leg without anything unpleasant happening to him. This is just one example of the countless number of "black books" footballers carry around without ever doing anything about it. Charlton's other remark concerning deliberate fouling was another matter. A 35-year-old international footballer with a World Cup gold medal in his cupboard should not advocate such deplorable tactics.

Many of my colleagues condoned his remarks by writing that it is tacitly agreed by all pros that this is a common, accepted practice. They added that it is wrong to punish a man for saying it and not to reprimand those who are actually doing it.

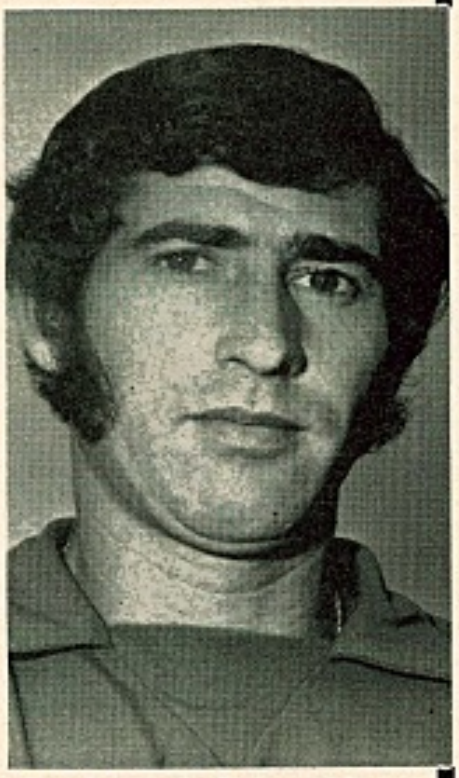
I cannot see the connection at all. Tactical fouling is certainly a menace, and it is the job of the referees and disciplinary committees to stamp it out. But by sanctioning it, Jackie in fact told hundreds of thousands of amateurs, including schoolboys, that it is a "clever" thing to do.

To my mind this is criminal and definitely against the interests of football, or as they say in St. Annes-on-Sea, is "likely to bring the game into disrepute". The FA quite properly banned Charlton from playing in representative football. This is, of course, a moral condemnation only, because it is highly unlikely that he would have been selected anyway.

But it is a pity that a player with such a distinguished record should make such defamatory remarks at the twilight of his career. So the "speaker" has been duly dealt with, now I hope the "doers" will be singled out just as mercilessly. Peter Eustace has also made some uncalled-for remarks. Something could be rotten in the state of Sheffield Wednesday, but there is no need for an ex-player of theirs to focus the public's attention on it.

Eustace earned a lot of money at Sheffield and is getting a fair whack at West Ham. He is getting paid for his footballing ability—and not for his intellectual prowess. He should be free to speak, but must have his priorities right first before he opens his mouth again.

Martin Peters is not quite in the same category. In his book, no doubt written by a ghost-writer, he says that Bonetti should have saved the first West German goal in the World Cup. About 500 million people watching the game on TV thought exactly the same, but it is not for one of Bonetti's team-mates to reflect on his mistake.



Peter Bonetti, the Chelsea and England goalkeeper.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS IN ITALY

Helmut Haller, one of the German born players still appearing in the Italian league.

AND then there were 16. In Italy, this favourite hunting ground of soccer mercenaries, the number of foreign-born players has shrunk to 16. Most of them, lured by financial prospects undreamed of at home, but now ageing gracefully (some more than others!) can look back on exciting and rewarding careers.

For many, Italian parentage or grandparentage was conveniently discovered to accommodate them, speed their citizenship applications—to permit the clubs the engagement of additional foreigners—and some even turned out for Italy in full internationals, including the World Cup. But with the ban on imported foreign stars, this one-way traffic into the land of lire has come to an abrupt halt. At the start to the 1964–65 season, the last mercenary crossed the Italian border. He was the Franco-Argentinian Nestor Combin, who came from Olympique Lyon. Then the barriers came down and a new era of "Calcio made in Italy" had begun.

Fashioned

There have, of course, always been some foreigners in this country, probably drawn in the past by the geographical shape of Italy which suggests the game of football: The peninsula is fashioned like a boot, while the island of Sicily can be taken for a ball.

Among the first sports-minded visitors were the English, who founded the Genoa Cricket and Athletic Club in 1883, the first club in Italy. From then on, overseas players came and went before the massive invasion of the "oriundi"—South Americans of allegedly Italian origin—had descended on these shores. Statisticians estimate their total at something like 500. Today there are only 16 left. The latest to give up were Peiro and Benitez; Cané is waiting for a last fling with Bari, whilst the fate of Jair is not yet decided, although he is supposed to have signed again for Inter.

The veteran among the "Last of the Mohicans" is the Swede Kurt Hamrin, who, already written off by AC Milan, now at the age of 36 has begun his 15th league campaign for Napoli. His nearest seniors are Cinesinho (Vicenza), Suarez (Sampdoria) and Del Sol (Roma), all 35-year-olds, who arrived here in 1961 or 1962. But even the youngest of the lot, Nené (Cagliari), is already 28. Of the last 16, there are seven from Brazil (Altafini, Cinesinho, Amarildo, Clerici, Nené, Sormani and Jair), three Argentinians (Combin, Merighi and Morrone), two each from Germany (Haller, Schnellinger), Spain (Suarez, Del Sol); one from Sweden (Hamrin), and one a Chilean (Toro). Fourteen are playing in the First Division and only two (Merighi and Toro) with Modena in the Second.

For some of these stars, astronomical sums of money had changed hands, as indeed the Italians hold several world records for transfer of players in various team positions. One they lost recently concerned the goalkeeping spot: Holland's international custodian Jan Van Beveren (22), moved from Sparta Rotterdam to PSV Eindhoven for a record £120,000 last summer. The previous world record was "held" by Pier-Luigi Pizzaballa, for whom Roma paid Atalanta £104,000 in 1966.

ARTHUR ROTMIL

Invasion in Sweden

POLICE dogs had to be used to clear the pitch when about 500 angry soccer fans ran on to the field and held up play for nearly an hour during the Swedish First Division match between IFK Goteborg and Oerebro in Stockholm.

The invasion came nine minutes from time when IFK had an equalising goal disallowed for offside. Fans clashed with officials, players and police during the 55 minutes of pandemonium before the police dogs were brought in.

The scenes were unprecedented in Swedish soccer history. IFK, last year's champions, were beaten 1-0, a defeat which meant them being relegated to the Second Division.

Russian players are not automats

GAVRIL KATCHALIN talks to Eric Batty

DURING the last ten years or so many people have accepted the idea that Soviet players are skilful but unimaginative; and will respond like robots in particular situations. In fact, however, nothing could be further from the truth. Like most European countries we have a sprinkling of players who are strong rather than skilful and, at the other end of the scale, we have some very gifted but individualistic players.

We do set very high standards in terms of discipline and sportsmanship and maybe some observers have been misled into acceptance of this myth by misinterpreting these points. It is also true, but less widespread now that some teams are given strict and over-cautious tactical instructions and this too can be misunderstood. In my term—eight years altogether in charge of the national team and also at club level my objectives have been to develop better understanding amongst the players by simple but essential basics like one-two's and crosses into the penalty area.

Asatiani of Russia being cautioned in Mexico.

Of our players in Mexico for the World Cup the best "team-players" were in my opinion Schesternev in defence and Muntjan in midfield. But four of the squad were very well known to me—Asatiani, Dzodzuaschwili, Churtsilava and Nodija all played for Dynamo Tbilisi while I was manager there. Certainly my work there was never directed towards *automatic* responses but rather that the abilities of the individual be used in the team's interest for maximum effect.

At national team level there are different problems, of course. To begin with the players of Tbilisi were nearly all typical Georgians and certainly less physical in their approach than Soviet players born in the colder and harsher regions to the north. But the big problems in national teams are generally the same everywhere.

Training

To begin with we get very little chance to work with all the players together for lengthy periods. Most of their training is done at club level and if all the top clubs do concentrate on physical and technical qualities harnessed through technical understanding one club may place greater emphasis on one of these aspects than do other clubs.

Two examples will serve to demonstrate this point. Dynamo Kiev train very intensively, putting in a great deal of hard work in a relatively short time. ZSKA Moscow, however, get through *more* physical training but spread it over a longer period.

Some Soviet clubs also train for about an hour on the evening before each game but with Tbilisi we never did it. The Georgian temperament is very relaxed and easy and the players settle without difficulties. But other clubs feel they have to build up their players to a high peak immediately before the game.

Knowing the way each player trains with his club creates many difficulties at national level because in varying degrees we have to attempt to build up a training programme for players as individuals. Again I can easily find myself in a situation where I want to use a player in midfield, but his club want him to play a different role, say, in a more advanced position. Neither I nor the Soviet Federation have authority over club managers. Fortunately I have come to realise that players like Nodija and Metreveli are really adaptable and can play anywhere in attack. Afonin and Logofet are also very flexible defenders.

But on the whole we have insufficient time at national level to work together and therefore I concentrate on the tactical and psychological problems. This can be quite difficult at times, particularly with naturally gifted players like Bychewecz and Jevruchkin.

On the one hand we would like to develop greater understanding and co-operation between them and their team-mates, but we must do this without destroying their individual flair.

On one basic point I feel I am in a minority and possibly this stems from the widely differing climatic conditions and regional characteristics. At all events it appears that most technicians consider the players available and then decide what tactical formation to adopt.

But for me the emphasis has always been the other way round. First decide what kind of game you want the team to play; then go looking for the players that will fit in naturally.

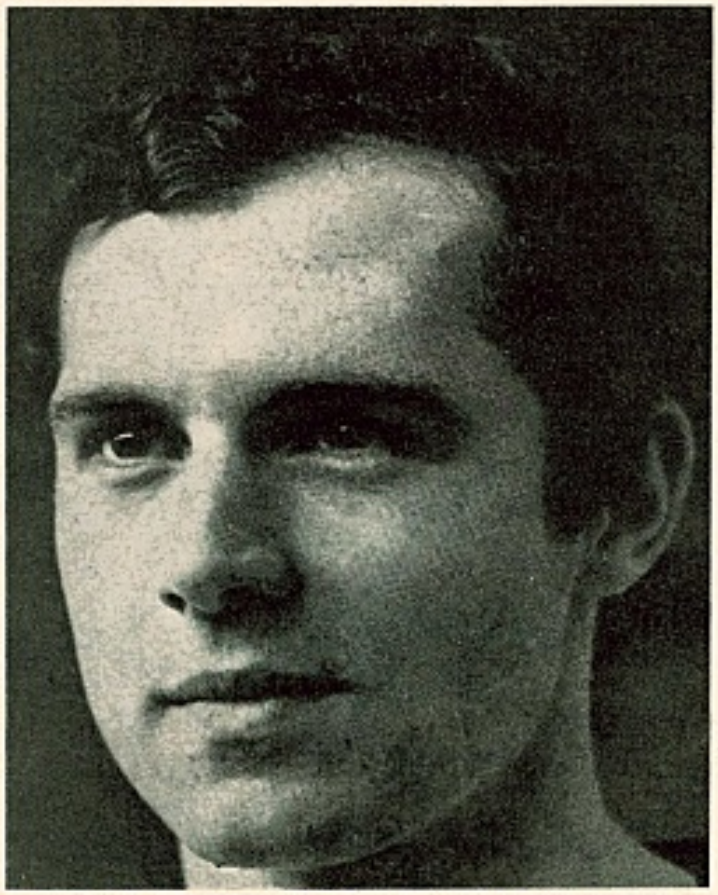
Dynamo Kiev, for example, have been champions three times in a row and for the final 22 in Mexico five of their players were in our squad. None, however, were defenders, for in Kiev they play in zones and I have a preference for a collective, organised defence which I feel provides greater flexibility.

From the Russian standpoint the results we achieved were perhaps disappointing but I believe it should be emphasised that no fewer than eight of our squad were playing in the World Cup for the first time. Amongst these were Muntjan, Bychewecz, Nodija, Dzodzuaschwili, Jevruchkin and Logofet. I am quite sure that many of them will be there again in 1974 and their experiences in Mexico will then be of great value.

Sporting

Looking back it is clear to me that heat, which troubled all the European teams, was a critical factor. Overall the series was more sporting than in 1966 and also more interesting and more exciting. More teams were willing to attack, too, compared with 1966, but unfortunately for us, we met one that didn't in the quarter-finals.

In retrospect I would take the same squad of players but with vital experience of playing in extremely hot conditions I would alter my basic approach. We changed our team in Mexico according to the opposition, their strengths and weaknesses and, of course, their tactics. This I now believe was a mistake, and if I had the opportunity to do it all again I would stick to a flexible 3-3-4 with two wingers and two centre-forwards.



Franz Beckenbauer, Bayern's world class player.

Lattek aims to prove himself in '70-'71

BAYERN MUNICH have really only been a force in West German football for five years but this hand span of existence in the top echelon has not been without its successes. And in the current campaign they are making every effort to recapture the title they lost to Borussia Moenchengladbach last season.

Their first venture into Europe was crowned with triumph when they carried off the Cup Winners Cup and they went as far as the semi-final the following year in defence of their title. That was in 1967 when most of the team were beginning to make a name for themselves in the *Bundesliga*.

And on this domestic front they won the West German Super-League title in 1969 and took the Cup in 1966, 1967 and again in 1969. Bayern had won only two major honours previously becoming overall German League champions in 1932 and Cup winners in 1957.

But 1969 was Bayern's bonanza year. They led the League race from the first day of the season until the last. There was never any danger of them losing their lead. Then they capped this performance by taking the Cup for a fine double.

While all good teams have outstanding individuals, Bayern have been fortunate to have had the services of two players of the calibre of Franz Beckenbauer and Gerd Müller. Beckenbauer, their captain, won his earliest recognition for West Germany as a midfield schemer; a player of rare elegance and ability. He was a star who emerged from the 1966 World Cup after he had grown up with Bayern during their rise from out of the Regional League. Müller came into the side the year they won their way out of the regional league.

Müller's scoring reputation was such with TSV Nordlingen that he was reputed to have scored 198 goals for them. This made him something like a whitewashed version of Pelé in the fourth dimension. But once he joined Bayern for the 1964–65 season he carried on in similar scoring vein.

Achieve

Müller has been a scoring sensation in the *Bundesliga*. He has hit 130 goals in five full seasons and though he has made a quieter start to the present season, should achieve between 25–30 goals by the end of this term, too.

Critics of Bayern say that Beckenbauer is too good a player to waste playing the role of sweeper that he does for the club. But would they have achieved any more success if he had been used in midfield at the expense of the rearguard? And it would probably be too costly an experiment to put him in midfield for any length of time and risk conceding goals at the back.

Beckenbauer and Müller are as different as chalk from cheese. Beckenbauer is one of those rare movers who seem to spring effortlessly over the turf. Müller looks like a muscle-bound wrestler with short legs. But he has immense power in his limbs and, for one so small, succeeds in getting up well in the air. He also has the happy knack of being in the right position at the right time when the ball drops about in front of goal, too.

Not that Bayern is a two-man team by any means. They are well served in most positions. Starting in goal there is Sepp Maier, who kept goal for West Germany in the last World Cup. At 26 he has won more than a score of caps for his country and first joined Bayern as a 14-year-old. In *Bundesliga* matches Maier has made more than 150 appearances.

At right-back this season is a newcomer in Johnny Hansen, the 27-year-old Danish international with 21 caps. Making his name with BK Odense in his native Denmark, Hansen first came to Germany with 1FC Nurnberg and is a smart capture for Bayern. His partner on the left flank is Herwarth Koppenhofer, who is 24 and is in his second season with the club, having been with SV Weidenthal and 1FC Kaiserslautern before.

Promising Under-23 international Georg Schwarzenbeck (22) is the player who acts as stopper centre-back for the club. Four years with Bayern, he was discovered playing for a local junior side. And he, at least, can claim to be benefiting from the vast experience shown by the presence of Beckenbauer, who provides him with great confidence.

For home matches, Bayern invariably use a 4-2-4 system with Franz Roth and Rainer Zobel occupying the midfield positions,

Focus on BAYERN MUNICH by JACK ROLLIN

Roth, at 26, is a full international, too, and has been with the club four years. His former clubs were TSV Bertoldshofen and SpVgg Kaufbueren. Zobel is only 22 and is another new signing this term from Hannover 96. He is a former amateur international.

For away games the middle line is strengthened by a 4-3-3 operation and the dropping back from the front four of Karl-Heinz Mrosko in his second season and at 24 previously associated with SpVgg Lindau and Stuttgarter Kickers.

In support of Müller up front the flank strikers are Edgar Schneider and Dieter Brenninger. Schneider is yet another newcomer this term from VfR Pforzheim and is a former amateur international. He is only 21. Brenninger is five years older and a full international who has been on the books for ten years and began his career with a junior club, SpVgg Alterding. He has hit over 50 *Bundesliga* goals.

Newcomer

Injuries have hampered Bayern's progress this term, otherwise they might well have been sailing away at the top of the table. This is why Austrian international Peter Pumm, who normally occupies the left-back berth, has been absent in recent weeks. Pumm is in his third season with Bayern and developed in his native country with Wacker Innsbruck.

Erich Maas, at 29 the oldest player on the books of this largely young club, is an experienced winger who had played in 202 League games at the start of this season in five seasons. But he is a new signing, too, having been added this term from Eintracht Braunschweig.

'Beckenbauer is one of those rare movers who seem to spring effortlessly over the turf . . .'

Three other newcomers this term are midfield players Paul Breitner (19) from ESV Freilassing, and Ulli Hoeness (18) from TSG Ulm, plus forward Jurgen Ey (24) from Werder Bremen. These are among the seven new captures which have infused new life into the club after no fewer than nine players were released at the end of last season.

Experienced

Bayern's first team squad is completed by goalkeeper Manfred Seifert (21), a reliable deputy for Maier and in his second season with the club, and the experienced defender Peter Kupferschmidt (28), who has been a loyal servant these 14 years!

For their largely unknown manager, Udo Lattek, this is the season in which he can put himself on the map. Taking over in May from Branko Zebec, he has to live up to the reputations of both Zebec and another Yugoslav, Zlatko Cajkovsky, who led Bayern in their initial *Bundesliga* seasons.

Lattek at 35 is a young man whose influence on youth has been responsible for the influx of "babes" into the club. His reputation has not been made with clubs but as a coach with several German FA appointments and often acting under the direction of Helmut Schön. If Lattek can take Bayern Munich to the title again then his reputation and prestige will be considerably enhanced.

He has built a new team round his three star players, goalkeeper Maier (26 caps), Beckenbauer (45) and Müller (27), and three of the new signings have won regular places in the side. If the present injury spell is only a passing one, then Bayern look a good bet for the title of *Bundesliga* champions of 1971.

Next month:

CELTIC

Back row, left to right: Gerd Müller, Sepp Maier, Karl-Heinz Mrosko, Rainer Zobel, Paul Breitner, Edgar Schneider, Georg Schwarzenbeck, Erich Maas, Franz Beckenbauer, Dieter Brenninger, Udo Lattek (trainer). Front: Peter Kupferschmidt, John Hansen, Manfred Seifert, Jurgen Ey, Herwarth Koppenhofer, Peter Pumm, Franz Roth, Ulli Hoeness.

Penalty-taking can come almost as second nature to some players, Rinus Israel, for example, demonstrates the perfect spot-kick by sending Yugoslavia's goalkeeper Curkovic the wrong way and scoring in the opposite corner for Holland in their recent European Championship match.

PENALTY DRAMA

THE psychological problems of the penalty kick provided a vivid contrast for a Swedish cartoonist a few years back, when he drew two pictures, one from the goalkeeper's point of view, the other from the eye of the kicker. In the first, the penalty-taker loomed enormous, preparing to launch his leather missile at some frightening velocity from some ludicrously short distance into a vast receptacle; any effort by the 'keeper to protect his charge seemed hopeless indeed. In the second, the goalkeeper had somehow swollen to cover practically the whole area between his posts, groping with octopus arms from a net that appeared a mere speck in the distance. This time it was the kicker who seemed at a hopeless disadvantage.

Amusing, perhaps; but through the wisdom of UEFA, the penalty kick has assumed a new significance in international competition—soccer's answer to the tie-breaker system in tennis. With it has come a new extreme in psychological pressure, for a penalty taken during the course of a match pales to insignificance beside the sudden-death sequence innovated this season in European competitions.

For Newcastle, above all, failure to come to grips with the new system proved disastrous, and in terms of gate receipts lost, could cost them as much as £60,000 this season. They were not the first team to lose on penalty kicks, but they were certainly the first to miss three in succession.

Playing in Hungary in a European Fairs tie against Pecsi Dozsa, they were beaten 2-0 for a 2-2 tie on aggregate. While Pecsi's first three kickers, Konrad, Daka and Tuske, all sent the Newcastle 'keeper McFaul the wrong way, Robson hit the bar and both Mitchell's and Gibb's shots were saved by the Pecsi goalkeeper, Rapp. The referee promptly ended the sequence of penalties ahead of schedule for, whatever happened, Newcastle's position was irretrievable.

Some English newspapers published a harsh indictment of the Newcastle players the following day, claiming it was inexcusable for a professional to make such gross errors. But the failure, surely, was at management level, for Newcastle had made little preparation for a potential deadlock—the players were not even sure who had been designated to take the kicks.

Pinpointing

In contrast, Pecsi had spent two or three hours during the previous weekend in penalty practice, with Rapp pinpointing McFaul's weaknesses, based on his observations from the first leg. Pecsi were even meticulous enough to arrange that their steadiest kicker, Mate, would take the fifth and presumably most crucial penalty. As it happened, Mate's services were not needed, though ironically enough, his penalty eight minutes from the end of the actual match started Newcastle on the road to disaster.

In the European Cup Winners Cup Benfica had the misfortune to take on Vorwaerts in East Berlin without the injured Eusebio, not only their outstanding player, but also their only reliable penalty-taker. Benfica lost a two-goal lead from the first leg, and after extra time did not produce any further goals; this tie, too, was decided on penalty shots.

Vorwaerts' five kickers, Dietzch (a substitute), Koerner, Noeldner, Fraessdorf and Struebing, each scored easily. Benfica converted their first three kicks through Jorge, Toni and Aquas (another substitute), but then Zulkowski produced a superb save, flinging himself to the right, to turn Martin's shot round the post—leaving Fraessdorf to give Vorwaerts a 5-3 winning lead.

But the most dramatic sequence occurred in the European Cup proper, in which Everton eliminated Borussia Monchengladbach with literally the last kick. Everton actually missed their first penalty, Borussia's 'keeper Klebb crowning a magnificent match by stopping Royle's shot. But Laumen shot wide with Borussia's second kick to level the score, and at 4-3 to Everton Rankin leaped to his right to save Muller's penalty and put the English champions through.

The Italian referee, Sbardella, refused to listen to Borussia's protests that Rankin had moved before the kick was taken—a view shared by most of the neutrals at the match, but not by the local supporters. Signor

Bat attacks referee!

BACK in September the Yugoslav referee Ristic collapsed dramatically during a atch between Hajduk Split and OFK lgrade, crying "I'm hit! I'm hit!" He was en to hospital unconscious, and the game, en in its 53rd minute, was abandoned. e Yugoslav FA awarded the match to FK (the actual score had been 2-2) when e referee reported that he had been hit by missile thrown from the terraces.

But the Split club, finding that the official server at the match, Mr. Sestic, had been able to find any trace of a stone, lined some expert witnesses for an appeal. The ub doctor said the referee was highly rung and had probably fallen on his own nistle (explaining away the injury to his rehead) while an electrician claimed to ve seen a bat (the game was played under odlights) swoop down on the referee. The ugoslav FA were so staggered by this planation that they declared the game a aw.

WORLD DIARY BY ROGER MACDONALD

oardella, understandably in such circumances, decided that discretion was the etter part of valour.

Gordon Banks, watching the recording on levision, said: "There's no doubt Andy oved long before the kick was taken. But don't blame him. If the kicker hits it right -as Muller did—then a goalkeeper has no hance with a penalty unless he moves."

The sheer theatrical excitement of it all nds to obscure the fact that the new regutions (and an infringement of them at at) devalue the European competitions, by inging the result of some static shooting allery. If we are to endure the hideous nomalies of the away goal rule, by which ctory can be achieved without actually inning (and the European champions, eyenoord, eliminated without actually sing), surely we can afford a play-off—ssing if need be, for choice of ground.

Some of the more perverse writers among s have suggested that the penalty system ould be replaced by some calculation ased on actual match-play—with the team inning the most corners going through. ut if corners, why not free-kicks, goalicks and throw-ins, with three throw-ins orth a corner, three corners worth a name ken? The referee could be attached to ome mobile computer, programmed to ive the winner the instant the match ended.

Again, I see no relevance to the real game f football, in which the winning team is upposed to score more goals than their pponents.

Boycott threat by Hertha Berlin

BAYERN MUNICH'S reluctance to compete in the Fairs Cup (Coventry must wish they had proved more reluctant) was followed by another threat to boycott, this time by the West Berlin club, Hertha. In their case the dispute concerned visas for their trip to Czechoslovakia for the second leg against Spartak Trnava.

The players and officials received their visas on the Friday before the match, but the seven journalists who sent in their applications at the same time were told to inquire at the Czech Military Mission in Berlin at the precise time Hertha's charter plane was scheduled to take off.

But Hertha's vice-president, Wolfgang Holst, issued what amounted to an ultimatum. "If the journalists in our travelling group don't receive their visas, the trip is off," he said. The Czechs capitulated a few hours later, but still had the last laugh. Spartak Trnava won the second leg 3-1 to go through on aggregate.

THE continuing story of World Cup consequences produced a new chapter when Russia's team manager, Gavril Katchalin, was replaced by Valentin Nikolaev, following widespread criticism of Russia's performance in Mexico.

Nikolaev is a former international with the Red Army side, whose players form the basis of the present Russian side. He is Russia's fourth coach in four years.

But that wily old bird, Katchalin, is sure to come back, if his past record is anything to go by. For he has been forced to resign twice before—following the 1952 Olympics in Helsinki, and the 1958 World Cup with Sweden. But it is a pity that Russian managers spend so much time on political manœuvres that they are too busy to devote much energy to improving the national team.

IN Brazil's national championships, the Robertao Cup, two of the favourites, Sao Paulo and Vasco da Gama, are struggling at the foot of the table. Yet only a month ago they were considered the outstanding teams in Brazil.

The Robertao Cup consists of two groups of eight teams, from which the winners and runners-up form a final group. In Group "A" Sao Paulo, winners of the Sao Paulo state Cup, were bottom on goal average with just two points from five matches ... in spite of acquiring Uruguay's outstanding forward, Pedro Rocha, now fully recovered from the injuries that kept him out of most of the Mexico World Cup.

Rocha's arrival has been offset by injuries to Gerson (aggravated by his appearance for Brazil in their first game since winning the world championship) and their centre-forward Toninho.

In Group "B" Vasco da Gama, winners of the Carioca Cup, made an even worse start. They lost their opening five matches and were firmly at the bottom of the table. According to one Brazilian newspaper, they "haven't got the slightest chance of beating anybody".

This sort of criticism has so upset some players that the whole team have decided not to read the newspapers or listen to the radio until December 12, when the competition finishes. A case perhaps of hear no evil, play no evil?

Tommy Gibb of Newcastle, one of the penalty offenders against Pecsi Dozsa.

Victory in Caledonia!

ANDREW DETTRE in Australia

BY the time this monthly pensum appears in print, the globe-trotting Australian team will have completed more than half of its scheduled tour. In the true spirit of Anzac, they would have dared the cholera epidemic of Turkey, the Middle East flare-ups in Iran and Israel and possibly even the inclement autumn weather of Britain, with possibly one skyjack thrown in.

The tour started recently, with two matches in the tiny French island of New Caledonia where Australia won 3-1 and 1-0 on rock-hard grounds, in 85 deg. heat and in spite of reportedly hair-raising refereeing.

A fairly high cost had to be paid for these early morale-building successes: four Aussies continued from Noumea to Hong Kong with injuries.

One dangerous aspect of this tour is that Australia took only 19 players to play their 16 matches in ten countries. This, in the end, may prove to be inadequate and force national coach Zvonimir Rasic to field some very patched-up sides in the closing stages of the trip.

Amazingly, last year Australia travelled to Korea with 22 players—and their commitments numbered only four matches. Now, for 16 matches, we took 19; a mathematical riddle of sorts.

Meanwhile, on the domestic front, the long summer recess has set in. This usually starts with most clubs going into a deep coma, with officials trying to regenerate their spent energies and nervous reserves, before snapping back into action.

However, some movements have already been recorded. Sydney's champions, Hakoah, have, surprisingly, eased out their coach, Mick Jones, who was once with Doncaster Rovers. So far they have not appointed his successor but some rumours say they are after a big fish for 1971—former Hungarian national coach Rudolf Illovszky, presently in Greece. Well, we will see; Illovszky wouldn't come out for peanuts.

St. George-Budapest have also made a change, with Frank Arok being replaced by Zvonimir Rasic. Arok returned to Yugoslavia recently with a handful of second placings; both in 1969 and this year his team narrowly missed all the big prizes.

Pan Hellenic, only recently the best supported club in Sydney, are hoping to sort out their mess in the summer months. A few weeks ago the club all but admitted complete bankruptcy, to the tune of $72,000, much of it squandered away on useless yet expensive British imports and even more useless overseas trips by some club officials.

Now a group of Greek businessmen have formed a committee and want to straighten out the club's muddled finances. They have already appointed former national coach Joe Vlasits for the new season and also hope to set aside a tidy sum for new players. And by Jove, they need them; from their present contingent no more than three or four reach even the modest Sydney standard.

The 1971 season will also see some fresh colour in the First Division in recently promoted Western Suburbs. Often described as the "millionaires", Wests have spent an estimated $100,000 over three years on their team which, after two abortive attempts, finally won the Second Division.

St. George and Australian striker Adrian Alston (right) menacing the Ryde goalkeeper. Alston was once with Preston and Fleetwood.

This past season their average home attendance was about 500, often less. Fortunately, they don't rely on the turnstile for their crust: Wests are backed by a flourishing social club with most of the revenue coming from the bars and poker machines. It will be interesting to see if next term their attendance figures show a great improvement; many believe that of their 5,000 registered club members 98 per cent are not the slightest bit interested in soccer, only in cheap, subsidised meals and gambling. Perhaps 1971 will tell.

Apollon start well

NEWLY promoted Apollon got off to a fine start, picking up 19 points from a possible 21 from their first seven games and beating one of the cracks (Olympiakos) 1-0 in the process. EPA Larnax, pushed up as champions of Cyprus, appear to be settling and have a better chance of staying up than any of their predecessors, despite their crushing defeats against Bundesliga champions Borussia Monchengladbach in the European Cup.

Lakis Petropoulos, manager of champions Panathinaikos and also in charge of the national team which did extremely well in the World Cup qualifying rounds, was forced by the FA to choose between his two jobs. Hesitating, Panathinaikos made up his mind for him by appointing Ferenc Puskas to be their team-chief. Almost as soon as he was installed, Puskas began to complain "I have no forwards." Having eliminated Slovan Bratislava (3-0 and 1-2) from the European Cup and, with two games in hand holding maximum points from five league matches and a goal tally of 10-1, the former Hungarian star's assessment appears a shade pessimistic.

For Petropoulos, however, the campaign started tragically with a 1-1 draw away to Malta which counts for the European Championship. This was followed by a 2-1 defeat against Spain in Zaragoza, fortunately only a friendly, but against relatively young and inexperienced opposition hardly the kind of show to increase the confidence of his players, his masters or the Greek public.

ERIC BATTY

PETER JACKSON in Wales

Appearances record for Cardiff City

ONE Glasgow Rangers record has left Ibrox—and gone south to Wales. For Cardiff City have now made more appearances in the European Cup Winners Cup than any other club in the tournament's ten-year history.

Cardiff, habitual qualifiers for the competition by their monopoly of the Welsh Cup, took the record in the first leg of their second round tie against FC Nantes—their 26th tie in Europe.

That beat Rangers' total of Cup Winners Cup appearances and the nearest Continental challenger is Atletico Madrid with 23 appearances in the competition.

It seemed only a matter of time before Cardiff would outstrip everyone else. This season is their fourth consecutive term in Europe and since 1964 the Second Division club has failed only once to come up with the necessary Cup Winners Cup credentials.

Success

Nor has it been a case of Cardiff competing without success. Their dismissal of Nantes means a quarter-final booking is theirs for the third time in only five years.

Just as incredible as their march to the semi-finals three seasons ago is the fact that the draw has offered them such a variety of countries.

"We've been playing in Europe now since 1964 and in all the time since then we've only ever had to re-trace our steps once—to Portugal," said manager Jimmy Scoular.

Only two players survive from the club's very first European expedition against the Danish club Esbjerg—front-man Peter King and centre-half Don Murray.

They more than any other players have been associated with Cardiff's playing record in Europe which deserves a little more than passing reference.

The statistics of the matter are that of 26 matches, Cardiff have won 11, drawn eight and lost seven.

Three of those defeats have been at Ninian Park—against Real Zaragoza in 1965, Standard Liege in 1966 and SV Hamburg in 1968.

Their most recent home success, against Nantes, earned an enthusiastic description from Scoular—"Our best performance in Europe".

Jackpot

Now that Cardiff join an all-star cast for the last eight it's odds-on they will strike the cash jackpot just as they did in the 1965 quarter-final against Real Zaragoza and again three years later when the Hamburg match drew an aggregate crowd of almost 110,000—65,000 at the Volkspark.

There is no disputing that a draw against Manchester City or Chelsea, Benfica or Real Madrid, would be magnetic enough to lure a near full-house of 50,000.

Whatever happens it's fairly safe to argue that whoever overtakes Cardiff's appearance record will have to play a lot of matches in the Cup Winners Cup.

By early New Year, Cardiff will have started their attempt to win the Welsh Cup, their plank to Europe, for the fifth time in succession. And there doesn't look anybody good enough to stop them doing that.

Wrexham, the only club to have won the the Welsh Cup more often than Cardiff, appear to be the main threat. Promoted with Swansea from Division IV last season, they have adjusted more successfully to the Third Division than their southern rivals.

Certainly the Cup Winners Cup has become almost an accepted part of Cardiff's fixture list that to be denied it next season or any other season would have an effect.

Liverpool sign Toshack

LIVERPOOL swooped into the transfer market early in November to sign John Toshack from Cardiff City for a fee of £110,000. Cardiff, contenders for a place in the English First Division and still actively involved in the European Cup Winners Cup, were naturally reluctant to part with Toshack and left the final decision with the player.

Although somewhat sad to leave his homeland, Toshack (pictured right) readily agreed to Liverpool's lucrative terms. The Anfield club were forced into the transfer market after a succession of injuries had deprived them of Ian Callaghan, Bobby Graham and Alun Evans.

Toshack, a Welsh international and a strong, goal-scoring centre-forward, signed for Liverpool on the day his country played Rumania in the European Championship. Injury kept him out of the Welsh team and there is no doubt Wales missed his goal punch in the 0-0 draw.

WHOSE FINGER ON THE TRIGGER?

THE most recent recommendations of UEFA's executive committee designed to maintain peace, order and security during international matches, open with this significant paragraph:

"A harmonious and sustained relationship with the purveyors of information—meaning the press, radio and TV reporters—is absolutely essential. This co-operation must not, however, lead to one-sided, falsifying and chauvinistic tendencies, but should result in impartial and, when necessary, even critical comments and reports. Therefore it is imperative for the clubs to provide the mass-medias with comprehensive and timely advance information. Any prejudiced views or suppressed animosity which are subsequently aired and publicised may have a definite bearing on the atmosphere among spectators."

It is already painfully obvious that these sound proposals have not been heeded. At the start to the new season in the various European Cup competitions, British soccer fans were once again being prepared for the imminent eruptions of violence which are supposedly characteristic of these tournaments. Before the first ball was kicked in some of the ties, we heard the familiar stories of punching, spitting, hair- and jersey-pulling, pinching and other similarly outrageous activities our players were about to endure at the hands (and feet) of the foreign villains **(writes ARTHUR ROTMIL).**

Calculated

Perhaps these hoary tales of "the Continentals not playing the game" still make good reading in certain parts of the country. They are hardly calculated to promote good will and understanding between the teams or countries concerned. Of course, it would be easy to dismiss a spit in the face as a mere act of vulgarity, whilst condemning the typically British tackle from behind which could cause a broken leg. No, the real differences lie, I fear, far deeper than just in some basic attitudes to playing soccer. There have and probably always will be those clashes of temperament, not least because some British footballers still appear to have an almost pathological contempt for the Continentals, especially those from Southern Europe.

Maybe it has something to do with Italy's role in the last war. Historians will most likely confirm that while the Germans were hated—the Italians were despised. Thus, I was not particularly surprised to learn of the post-banquet brawl between Arsenal and Lazio players in Rome. But I was very disappointed that Inter-Milan's goalkeeper, Lido Vieri, had lost control and was alleged to have punched the referee at Newcastle—even if he was, as he claims, pressurised by a baying crowd behind his goal. Remember that another Italian custodian, Cudicini of AC Milan, was knocked out by a stone at Manchester last year.

But do these incidents prove that the European club tournaments are not worth while? They certainly do not. There are facts and figures which confound the oft-advanced theory that European football brings violence and disgraceful conduct on the pitches.

From the archives of the European Football Union it appears that in *212* international matches played under their auspices last season, there was not a single serious incident! In 127 games covering the Champions Cup and the Cup Winners Cup competitions—that is to say during 194 hours of top-class football with 3,048 players taking part *only two men were sent off.*

Spectators

When one reflects that these matches were staged before a total of 2,300,000 spectators, in an atmosphere charged with drama and excitement; when one considers the high stakes involved — financial rewards, club prestige, individual fame, etc. — then the assertion that European football is notoriously violent is clearly ludicrous. These statistics prove conclusively that European tournaments produce far less violence and cause less trouble than experienced in the vast majority of European (including the British) domestic competitions.

Two further questions also spring to mind after reading the UEFA statistics: If the majority of foreign footballers always behaved as badly as some of our reporters would have us believe then why were there only two dismissals in 127 matches? On the other hand, are these foreign brutes only behaving contemptuously toward the British? If so, why?

The principal duty of every journalist should be to report facts first and personal opinions afterwards. Unfortunately some of our colleagues seem to delight in anticipating disasters. Occasionally their forebodings find confirmation. But it is quite irresponsible to present a couple of incidents as material proof that *all* European tournaments are infested with bad sportsmanship and violent conduct. Perhaps if some of them would take the trouble to examine the overall facts about international football, they would spare us the repeated inaccuracies and generalisations. Also if they were less concerned with finding "stories", but instead concentrated on factual events it would bring them more in line with impartial European observers.

Gianni Rivera of Italy evades tackles by Austria's Schmidradner (left) and Parits in Vienna.

SPASOV TAKES OVER

Dimiter Penev of CSKA Sofia and Bulgaria.

EVEN six months after the event Bulgarians still haven't forgotten the poor performances of their team in Mexico.

St. Bojkov, who was released from his position in control of the national team, has been replaced by Vasil Spasov whose firmest intention, he said, was to bring back the spirit and fight into the team which had given the country a good name prior to the Mexican fiasco.

Spasov has been coach of Trakia Plovdiv and of Spartak Sofia (now Levski-Spartak). He also has experience of coaching abroad and played for Levski from 1940-1952. He won 17 caps and was known as Valiaka (steam-roller).

Recently he got off the selection mark by naming the following squad of players whom he thought would form the main nucleus of Bulgaria's forthcoming European Championship matches: Filipov, Kamenski, Zafirov, Velichkov, Penev, Jetchev, Aladjov, Gerov, Todorov, Davidov, Bonev, Panov, Yakimov, Veselinov, Dermendjiev, Asparoukhov, Nikodimov, Atanasov, Denev, Haralampiev, Mitkov, Yotov, Markov, Marinov, Raikov, Stankov, Kirilov, Apostolov, Jekov, Mikhailov.

One of his prior concerns is to reduce the average age of the squad, giving a chance to the younger players who will be carrying Bulgarian hopes in the near future.

As the first EC matches approached, Spasov arranged three matches against strong club opposition to test his new charges. He is in favour of an attacking style of play and admires England, West Germany, Brazil and Uruguay above all others.

And perhaps after all this Bulgarians will at last begin to forget Mexico. Let the last say in the matter come from the players concerned. They themselves place the blame on their superiors. They state that they carried out their instructions at all times to the letter but felt that they could have been provided with a better standard of opposition before the Finals to act as bigger tests.

They also gave a new dimension of thought as to why they faded during their matches. They reckon this was due to the fact that the trainers in charge made little of the immense heat and dry atmosphere in Mexico and underestimated the amount of liquid they ought to have been given to help them in the heat.

This, they say, is why they appeared to run out of steam towards the end of matches after playing well in the early stages. And, if that's not all, they didn't think that the squad chosen was the best one available.

Dynamo Moscow lead Tbilisi

AT the half-way mark, Lev Yachin in his 20th season with Dynamo Moscow had helped the club into top place, one point ahead of the Dynamo teams of Tbilisi and Kiev.

Three points behind the leaders were three other Moscow sides, Spartak, Torpedo and CSKA. Spartak, the champions, started slowly and after a good run in mid-season fell away again towards the end after convincing performances against Torpedo (2-0), CSKA (2-1). Dynamo Kiev a 1-0 away win and a goalless draw with Moscow Dynamo.

Later, however, they dropped points like confetti and allowed CSKA and Dynamo to move clear at the top and with two games left Spartak are out of the running.

Dynamo Kiev have also slipped up somewhat, largely it seems due to the loss of form and confidence of their young striker Anatoli Bycheweez. Beaten at home by three Moscow clubs, Torpedo, Spartak and Dynamo, their fading chances were shattered after a 2-3 defeat at Ordshonikidse.

In the goal-scorers' competition, Kozlov of Dynamo Moscow tops the list with 14 goals, while Fedotov (CSKA) has 11 and Giwi Nodija (Dynamo Tbilisi), who played in the World Cup, has 10.

Berador Abduraimov, the leading Division I goal-getter in the 1968 campaign who was transferred to CSKA Moscow a year ago, has discovered that life in the big city is not what he expected it to be. With special FA approval he rejoined his old club, Pachtakor Taschkent, in mid-season.

With only 11 matches left, Zenith Leningrad were once more in relegation trouble and while the experts speculated on whether or not the FA would intervene once more and save them from Division II, they began to pull away.

The most improved team of the season, however, is Zaria Voroshilovgrad. Promoted as Zaria Lugansk, they changed their name and their fortune with the engagement of the Hungarian-born former Dynamo Kiev star, Josef Szabo, who hit a hat-trick on his début—the 4-1 win over Torpedo Moscow.

HOW TO COPE WITH PENALTIES

WHILE the penalty system persists in the three European competitions, the question remains of how best to cope with them. Willie Evans, who set a record by scoring 11 out of 11 for Spurs back in their palmy promotion days of 1933, said his penalties were "always the same; hard and low to the goalkeeper's right and about a foot inside the post. Goalkeepers knew this, but I still beat them by sheer power and accuracy."

In modern times, Eusebio showed how to put this theory into practice when he scored nine out of ten against Gordon Banks for the benefit of television cameras in London. Time after time he beat Banks's dive with a shot to the same spot in the same corner.

Perhaps the most amusing consequence of Newcastle's fiasco and Everton's precarious progress was an interview with Terry Venables in the *Daily Mirror*, in which he explained how to take penalties successfully. The following day, having scored with 18 out of 18 for Queen's Park Rangers, he missed one against Cardiff City. That was decidedly a case of tempting the gods.

RIVA TRAGEDY HITS CAGLIARI ...AND ITALY

PHILIP EVANS reports

NOTHING that has come out of Italy in recent months can compare with the woe that the Italians must feel concerning Luigi Riva. Playing for Italy against Austria in the first game of his country's involvement in the European Championship Cup, Riva broke a leg. Specifically, he broke the fibula of his right leg and wrenched the ligaments that cover the bone close to the ankle. He will be out of football for at least three months, possibly much longer, and if for the generality of Italians the event is a minor mishap, for the people of Sardinia it must be seen as a national tragedy.

Scopigno was quite firm. "He is 50 per cent of Cagliari, and it is ridiculous to expect anything without him. Goodbye to the European Cup, goodbye to the championship." And he should know. He and a few million Sardinians will not be disposed to think of Riva's misfortune in the same terms as the medics, who dismissed the injury as being "not too serious".

It is the second time that Riva has suffered this fate. In March 1967 he had a break in his left leg, and if he was back in football within six months on that occasion, it is worth remembering that the present injury has more serious medical overtones. Riva is notoriously a left-footed player; the right leg is the one that takes the weight when he indulges himself in the scoring of goals, and it may be that we have seen the last of him for the season, albeit that it lasts through until May.

Riva's injury, however, could not mask the unease with which Italy have struggled through their first two internationals of the season. Against Switzerland on October 17, Riva was not alone in having an absolutely wretched match. God knows that Switzerland have provided Italy with generous results in the past. This time it needed a face-saving goal in the last few minutes from Mazzola, to bring about a reasonable result.

Rivera did not play in that match, stricken with some vague virus. And since Rosato was also unwell, it was not unnatural to suppose that the two injuries were more than mildly diplomatic ones, enough to suggest that the campaign against players from AC Milan was well under way again. For the game against Austria both Rivera and Mazzola were named, not surprisingly in view of a famous interview in which both players indulged in a long session of mutual admiration and came out strongly against the ideal of the *staffetta*—the system used in Mexico by which each played one half of a game. In fact, against Austria both played well. But so did De Sisti, who has had so few poor games since he first came into the side a few seasons ago. Little wonder that Valcareggi has been faithful to him, has never wanted to sacrifice him in the atmosphere of abuse that has so clouded the famous struggle over the two Milanese players.

The person who may suffer most from Riva's injury is Domenghini. We all know Domenghini and his limitations, his lack of genuine challenge and insight compensated for by his ubiquity and his long-range shooting. But he is not to be relied upon for goals nowadays, and too often it is said of Domenghini—as it is said of De Sisti—that he is one of the best full-backs in the game. If the fault is a national one, that Italianate need to keep the defence congested, the fact remains that a substitute for Riva must be found, and it may be that two will be needed.

Demanding

It may be that by December—when the Italians have to meet Eire—some goal-scoring luminary will be at the height of his powers. The game should not be too demanding for the Italians. An Italian crowd is worth a goal's start to the players, and Eire have precious few people to worry a competent defence. But who to score the Italian goals? There is Prati, but a Prati far from his best. There is Anastasi, still far from his best. There is Boninsegna, but Boninsegna—like Gori—appears to operate best when alongside another striker. Perhaps the answer is to play Chiarugi, despite his infuriating selfishness, with his ability to smack the ball so very hard, his invaluability whenever free-kicks are given close to goal.

And there remain questions with regard to the defence. Burgnich can command a regular place for little longer, and I wonder whether there is a better genuine full-back in Italy than Anquilletti, now that Poletti has been tried and found wanting. And is Albertosi really a more accomplished goal-keeper than Zoff? Many would say not, even away from Fuorigrotta and those mad Neapolitan crowds.

I have to admit also, that I'm still far from convinced by Bertini. Ferrante is such a good sweeper, that it seems a shame to leave him out. And if Cera's attempts at playing in midfield have not been successful this season, who can wonder when he has been played so regularly behind, rather than in front, of the defence. He'll come right in time, too good a player to let loss of form affect him more than momentarily.

Riva of Italy and Bossi of Switzerland during a recent international in Berne.

Esnaola of Real Sociedad sets new record

JOSE ESNAOLA, Real Sociedad's goalkeeper, set up a new Spanish record when Sabadell, Elche, Espanol, Real Madrid, Valencia and Seville all failed to find the net during the season's first six games.

At that point unbeaten Real Sociedad's record was eight points from 12 with a goal average of two goals for and none against. Then Vicente, of struggling Granada, banged in two ... and ended the remarkable run. (In 1968–69 Esnaola was beaten only once in the first six games.) This is a new Spanish all-time record ... but how does it compare in world football?

Real Madrid's "evergreen" outside-left, Francisco Gento, celebrated three landmarks in October ... his 37th birthday, 17 years with Real ... and his 11th season as captain.

There was generous publicity which conveniently drew a smoke-screen over persistent questions being asked about his future.

Paco Gento's contract ends on June 30 ... and everyone is wondering whether his playing contract will be renewed. Personally I'm sure it will ... but public opinion says "No" because they believe Gento's indifference and diminishing participation in games (he shows his usual brilliant bursts, then fades out of the picture for a ten-minute rest) is partly responsible for the impotencia of Real's attack. They also notice that Gento has been missing for several matches, injured at first but now ... dropped.

The player himself says: "My ambition is to serve the club for 20 years" ... which, of course, will be no problem. When Gento hangs up his boots there will always be a technical or administrative post for him ... if he can spare time from looking after the wealth-farms, businesses, etc. ... he has gained from football.

Asked the other day the secret of his "eternal youth", Gento is reported to have said "I've never never married." How opposite are our views Paco ... marriage is the reason for my "eternal youth".

Talking of farms ... brings me to my recent meeting with another great Spanish star, Carlos Lapetra ... one of Zaragoza's famous forward line "The Five Magnificos", which captured the imagination of Europe four or five years ago.

by **NORMAN CUTLER**

Operations

"Emperor Carlos", as they used to call him, was badly injured in Zaragoza's European Cup Winners Cup game with Everton at Goodison Park ... a clash with Brian Labone that splintered a shin bone ... and after two operations was forced into premature retirement.

I met him during the Spain-Greece international match in Zaragoza. He had journeyed from Huesca, where he owns and runs a large cattle-breeding farm—his herd of Jerseys is one of the best in Spain ... that stretches towards the foot of the Pyrenees. Now 32, tough, strong and completely recovered from his injury, he still dreams of returning to football.

"Had I not received that unfortunate tackle from Labone I would have been playing tonight (v. Greece). It cut my career, which would now be at its peak, by four years ... but I'm still capable of returning and holding my own in First Division football," he told me.

Memories are notoriously short ... and Carlos seems to have been forgotten by clubs, particularly his own Zaragoza, struggling to stay out of the Second Division and badly in need of experience.

"I would gladly sign and play for a First Division club without payment, to demonstrate that I still have my talent and could be of value to the game. Football is a part of me and my life ... I miss it terribly."

It was an extraordinary statement in these days of grasp and grab and fight for money. And it was sincere ... a sort of pathetic call from the wilds of Northern Spain.

Desperate

I didn't keep Lapetra's longing secret when I returned to Madrid. Next day there were telephone calls between Lapetra and Atletico Madrid, who since winning the Championship have been desperate to sign an experienced outside-left.

But alas ... Marcel Domingo, "all talking" manager of Atletico (Malcolm Allison and Helenio Herrera are speechless in comparison), pompously said: "The pressures of football change each year ... and four years out of the game is a long time. There was a lot more gush, but in one word, the same word that has shattered the hopes of many youngsters and "old-timers" at Manzanares this season ... "No".

Carlos Lapetra resignedly returned to his stock-breeding with at least one comforting thought ... his cattle hadn't forgotten him.

Jose Esnaola, goalkeeper of Real Sociedad, created a new Spanish record recently.

TOYO WIN

TOYO KOGYO have won the Japanese league for the fifth time in six years. The players of Toyo Kogyo are all employees of a large car factory; they work six days a week and doing their training when they have finished work. Last year's winners, Mitsubishi, finished second.

The Mitsubishi team made a tour of South America last spring and some of their players were sent to Europe last summer to brush up their football skills with West German and English clubs. All expenses were paid by their companies.

S. USHIKI.

BRAZIL AND THE USE OF WINGERS

IT has been said of Brazil that in the 1970 World Cup they showed us nothing new. But if their wing-play was not exactly new, they did at least highlight the fact that wingers and wing play have not been invalidated by modern defensive methods.

Of course, Jairzinho and Rivelino were not the orthodox, touchline-hugging ball artists like Matthews and Finney, to which we were all accustomed 20 years ago, but there can be no doubt that in Mexico they were to be seen demonstrating modern wing play.

With the passing of Julinho and Garrincha, the best of the old school ball-playing wingmen in Brazil were probably Natal (Cruzeiro FC) and Edu (Santos). Both these players were in Brazil's European touring squad of 1968 and both had advantages in addition to their own particular skills. Natal was playing in the same attack (Cruzeiro FC) as Tostao, which gave him an obvious "edge", while Edu had spent the past four years as Pelé's left-wing partner for Santos.

In all the World Cup qualifying matches Edu was a regular and it was not until the final six weeks before the big kick-off in Mexico that Rivelino and Clodoaldo seemed to come into the reckoning. Rivelino had been capped before, of course—more than 20 times—but always as an orthodox inside-left. Neither man played any part in Brazil's six qualifying matches in 1969.

For his club Botafogo, Jairzinho has always been a centre-forward but with Tostao and Pelé the central strikers, Jairzinho had long been the accepted "right-winger" in the national team. Had Joao Saldanha retained control until after the World Cup proper there is little doubt in my mind that Brazil would not have won the trophy. Saldanha himself gloomily predicted a "disaster similar to that of 1966" shortly before his dismissal. Such a disaster was precisely what I myself had expected and I have no hesitation in applauding Jorge Lobo Zagalo, who made all the right decisions in the few weeks allotted to him.

Experiments

Exactly what experiments Zagalo attempted during the ten weeks he had his squad in camp, no outsider will ever know. But he came up with a combination that hit the jackpot right on the nose. Pushing Wilson Piazza into the back four; replacing him in midfield with the 20-year-old Clodoaldo and, above all, schooling Rivelino to play the withdrawn left-wing role that he himself had played in 1958: 4-3-3 with the emphasis on attack whenever Brazil had possession of the ball.

On the right wing then, playing what most people would accept as a normal winger's game was Jairzinho. Strong, quick and aggressive he lacked the skills of his predecessors Julinho and Garrincha but more than atoned for this through his courage, running off the ball and above all, his centre-forward's *nose* that so often took him into the middle to find shooting positions.

Withdrawn from the left-wing, Rivelino spent the bulk of his energies in midfield, where he challenged opponents and often won possession of the ball. He also put in a great deal of hard running to cover his colleagues in defence and additionally sprinted up in support of his team-mates up front—Jairzinho, Tostao and Pelé. True, Rivelino had only one foot, but with a left leg like Rivelino's who needs another?

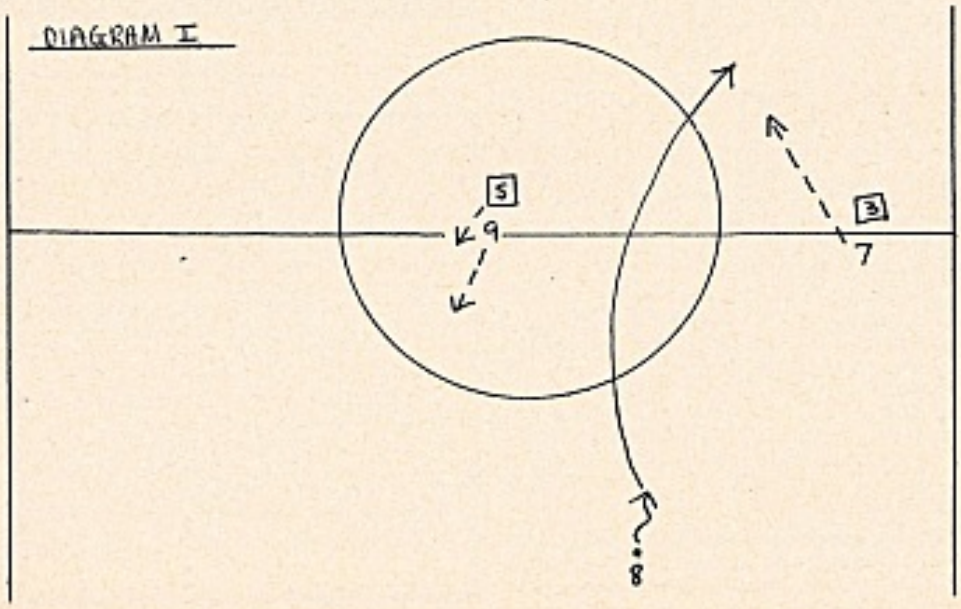
To examine the role of Jairzinho first, he was certainly more orthodox than Rivelino. Operating "from" an advanced position and out wide on the right flank he *looked* the part. Without even kicking a ball, therefore, Jairzinho was helping to make the central passage easier for Pelé and Tostao. This is an automatic advantage which is gained by any team fielding a winger because it keeps at least one defender out wide to keep an eye on him. Field two wingers, both playing from *wide* positions, and the central areas are still more likely to be penetrated for the defenders have to divide their forces and are thus unable to concentrate in the middle.

Determination

Jairzinho's greatest assets were undoubtedly speed and determination and repeatedly the Brazilians could be seen making full use of both.

In Diagram I we see a basic move with two alternatives often used as a preliminary by the Brazilians in Mexico. Seven is, of course, Jairzinho, nine is Tostao and eight is Gerson. On occasions both Clodoaldo and Carlos Alberto were to be seen in the position given to Gerson, but the ability of the last named to "drop" his long passes exactly where he wished gave the move an extra element of danger when it began with him in possession.

With Gerson on the ball in midfield and Jairzinho out wide on the right, Tostao drops a little deeper and veers slightly away from the Brazilian right wing. What happens now depends upon the reaction of the enemy defenders. If the stopper (5) makes any move towards the retreating Tostao then the uncovered gap between 5 and 3 is made even wider. In this situation Gerson would plant a long ball for Jairzinho to chase and if the winger broke at precisely the right moment he would catch his shadow by surprise and by leaving it late enough to ensure



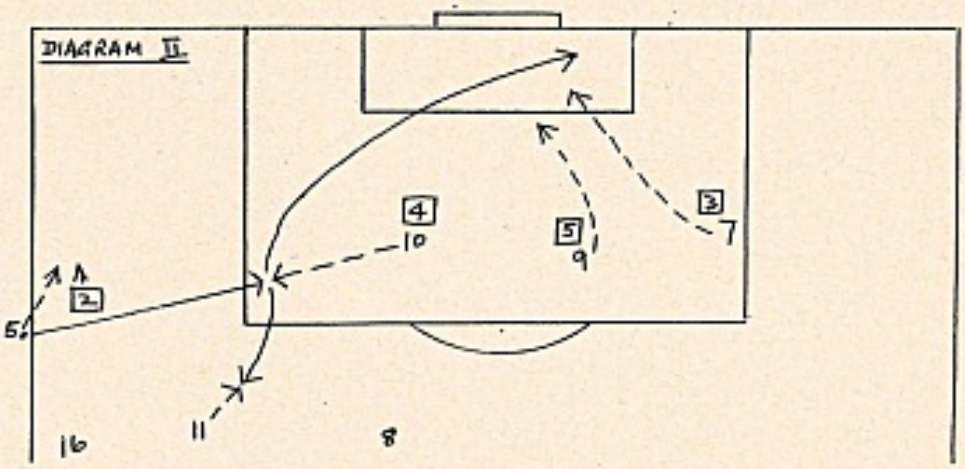
Tactical Feature
by
ERIC BATTY

that Gerson had played the ball and he (Jairzinho) was therefore on-side.

If, on the other hand, the defending stopper (5) declined to follow Tostao, then Gerson would sometimes slip a short pass for Tostao.

If Tostao's shadow attempted to close on his man while the ball was en route to him, then Tostao would sprint to meet Gerson's pass and play it back, first time. From there Gerson would look up and chip the ball away for Jairzinho.

Although Rivelino was a withdrawn winger rather than the Jairzinho striker-type, he repeatedly moved forward on the left when a team-mate in possession was under pressure. Jairzinho, Tostao, Pelé—almost anyone who made an off-the-ball run from right to left—could expect to find Rivelino in support should the runner receive a pass.



'I have no hesitation in applauding Zagalo'

Marked

Time after time during the competition in Mexico, Rivelino popped balls laid back to him ... into the middle first time. Diagram II outlines one such move that was seen in Mexico with Clodoaldo taking a throw-in and dropping the ball at the feet of Pelé. Tightly marked Pelé laid the ball back to Rivelino, who crossed it first time ... with his left foot, of course.

This type of cross offers two great advantages. First because it is played in as quickly as possible and thus denies the defenders the time they would like to look around and see that everyone is marked.

Secondly, because as in the example in Diagram II, both Jairzinho and Tostao would come to meet this ball looking for a touch (with head or foot) and while the goalkeeper must pay attention to the ball, both strikers are making their approach runs from the goalkeeper's blind side.

Diagram III illustrates a move utilising both wingers in their respective roles. Jairzinho here is a striker looking for the ball, while Rivelino moves up the left flank to support attacking players and, receiving a pass, he pops it back across the field first time. The extra twist here is given through Jairzinho running across the pitch, taking his opponent with him and leaving vital space behind which is utilised by Gerson, Carlos Alberto or Clodoaldo.

These three basic moves were observed repeatedly during the World Cup and in fact moves II and III each brought a goal for Brazil in the 4-1 final victory over Italy.

Brazil's opening goal, scored by Pelé, came directly from a throw-in aimed into space in front of Tostao as the centre-forward came to meet the ball and touch it back first time to Rivelino. Before Tostao played the ball off to Rivelino, the latter must have looked up quickly to see the situation in the Italian penalty area and, having made his decision, he stepped forward to meet the ball and pop it over the defence. There was Pelé going in on the gallop, and jumping to head Brazil's opening goal.

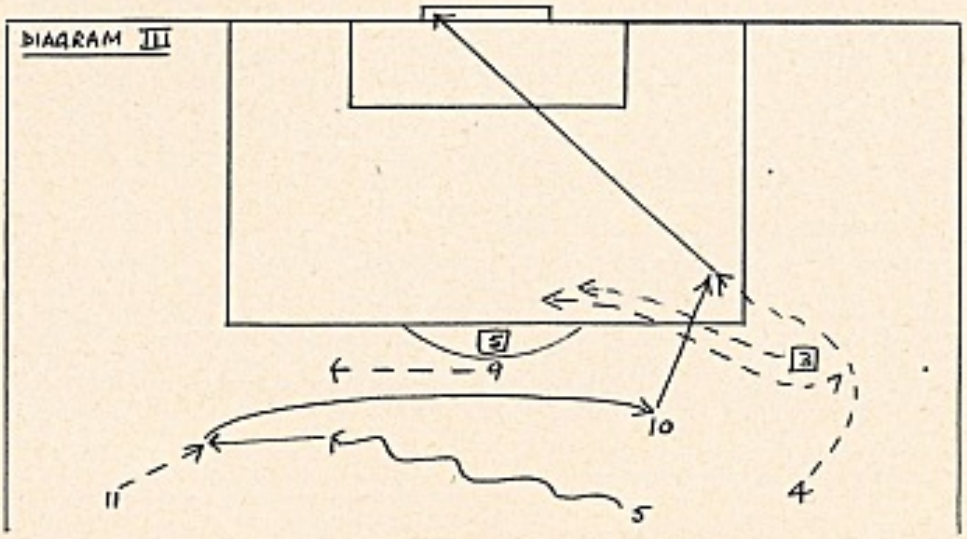
Later, with Brazil winning 3-1 and only a few minutes left to play, a combination of the moves outlined in Diagrams II and III led to the superb fourth goal for Brazil which put the result beyond doubt.

Clodoaldo sparked this move off with a spectacular run (with the ball) from right to left, square across the pitch. In the space of about 20 yards Clodoaldo beat four opponents, while Rivelino moved further and further left to maintain his support role. Finally, Clodoaldo touched the ball back to Rivelino. As Clodoaldo had made his move with the ball, both Tostao and Jairzinho had edged towards the left. The first-time cross from Rivelino caught the Italians off guard and when the ball dropped at the feet of Pelé he had only one opponent in his direct path to goal. Controlling the ball and shaping up to go in alone, Pelé suddenly slipped the ball out into space on the right where Carlos Alberto was sprinting from right-back to overlap Pelé.

Pelé judged his pass just right and as Carlos Alberto closed on the ball he hit a superb ground shot, first time, aimed just inside the far post that left Albertosi helpless.

Clearly these moves and slight variations around the basic moves were displayed too often by Brazil for them to be explained away.

It is now abundantly clear that there are at least a handful of European-type coaches at work in Brazil but though this must be considered to be a tremendous step forward when allied to the basic skills of the typically Brazilian player, they still have a great deal of leeway to make up for in defence.



Jairzinho of Brazil continues to score vital goals at home and abroad.

ROCHA JOINS SAO PAULO

ERIC WEIL reviews the scene in South America

THE best Brazilian clubs from seven provinces are currently engaged in the "Torneo Gomes Pedrosa" which was scheduled to end on December 6 and is a real marathon with several games per week. The top two clubs will represent Brazil in the South American Club Championship, the "Libertadores" Cup, to which this country will make a welcome return next year.

What makes this tournament specially tiring are the long journeys all over this vast country by air, road and rail between games without a break just after the clubs have finished their own provincial championships. Yet sports commentators and fans in general are clamouring for this tournament to replace the provincial championships.

Sao Paulo and Guanaba (Rio), the strongest provinces, each have their top five clubs in the competition. Minas Gerais and Rio Grande have two clubs, while Bahia, Pernambuco and Parana qualify one each.

Sensation

As the tournament started, with the added incentive this year of entry to the "Libertadores" Cup, the richer clubs searched for reinforcements. Sao Paulo caused a sensation by going after Uruguayan international half, Pedro Rocha, who had played all his First Division soccer with Peñarol and was one of his country's most popular players. Sao Paulo had to pay 175,000 dollars for this versatile player which, by European standards, was cheap.

Neighbours Santos, not to be outdone, got Argentine international goalkeeper, Mario Cejas, from Racing Club of Buenos Aires at Pelé's insistence. "With Cejas we can't lose," he said. The 120,000 dollars Santos had to pay was the highest ever paid to an Argentine club, but Cejas, an outstanding goalkeeper and point saver for Racing, was also cheap in comparison, but Racing, in financial difficulties, were grateful for what they got.

Clubs from all parts of Brazil, where the best soccer in the world is played, continue to send emissaries after Argentine players, many of them goalkeepers. This may seem strange, but:

(a) Transfer values for Argentine players are cheap in comparison and Argentine clubs are not too hard to deal with at the moment, because they are willing to let even their best players go in exchange for much needed ready cash.

Training

(b) There are many good goalkeepers in Argentina. In Brazil there are not. One of the reasons being put forward for this is that as clubs play so often, they do very little training. The players get the required training in matches, but not the goalkeepers.

(c) There are many excellent ball artists, especially forwards, in the Argentine, who find little scope for their skills in the type of soccer and tough marking in the Argentine at present, but they show up well in Brazil where there is less marking and more scope for the artist.

(d) Argentine players can earn more in Brazil and rely on getting their pay more regularly than at home, so that most are only too keen to go.

It could turn into an exodus ... except that Brazilian clubs, on the whole, haven't got all that much money to spend either.

Brazil broke the international inactivity in South America after the World Cup with a couple of games versus Mexico, at Rio, and Chile at Santiago. Against Mexico they won far more easily than the 2-1 score suggests with exhibition soccer. Against Chile the 5-1 win tells its own story. Two fine performances by the World Cup holders against admittedly weak opposition, but now, according to Joao Havelange, President of the Brazilian Sports Confederation, it appears that is the last we will see of them until the middle of 1972 when the "little world tournament" is due to be played in Brazil.

There are rumblings of discontent over this, however. Pelé is one who has gone on record as saying that Brazil needs a permanent national team playing at regular intervals and a junior team to prepare for the future.

HAPPENING OF THE MONTH IN SOUTH AMERICA

Rio de Janeiro club, Flamengo's goalkeeper, Ubirajara, hit the headlines in September by scoring a goal in his team's 2-0 win over Portuguesa in a league game. It was a noteworthy feat even though the ball was helped along by a strong wind and rival goalkeeper, Paulo Roberto, was tying his bootlaces at the time.

SWISS CELEBRATE WITH A DRAW

SWITZERLAND'S national side missed one of their greatest soccer triumphs by a matter of four minutes. This was the time left for play at the Wankdorf stadium in Berne, when with the Swiss leading 1-0, Sandro Mazzola grabbed a dramatic, face-saving equaliser for Italy. The visitors, who are the reigning European champions and who confirmed this status by finishing second in the World Cup only to Brazil, were rather fortunate in squaring matters so late in the game.

Especially as a few minutes before Mazzola's score, the Swiss so nearly made it 2-0 when Blättler hit the bar and Künzli's diving header off the rebound, was cleared off the line by Niccolai. With thousands of Italian guest workers, armed with flags, banners, noisy instruments of all kinds, etc., among the crowd of 42,000, it was for Italy practically a home fixture.

This result, so heartening for the gallant Swiss and their new manager Louis Maurer is all the more incredible when one considers the respective backgrounds of these teams. On one side, professional players drafted from one of Europe's most powerful leagues, bristling with the Mexico-gained confidence, experienced and redoubtable.

Part-timers

On the other, a bunch of part-timers, most of whom have to work for a living, and with several men who had just been called up for one of the periodical military service stints which are probably unique in the world. Still, it would be foolish to overrate this scoreline, for the fact is, that most of the Italians treated this game for what it was: a strictly friendly encounter with nothing at stake and staged to celebrate the 75th anniversary of the Swiss FA.

WORLD SOCCER readers will I'm sure be interested to hear that at the last jubilee of this governing body in 1945, commemorating 50 years of existence, Switzerland beat England 3-1 also at Berne. The English team incidentally was: Swift; Scott, Hardwick; Soo, Franklin, Mercer; Finney, Brown, Lawton, Hunt and Smith. Before a crowd of 41,000, Fink, Friedländer and Amado scored for the Swiss, while Brown replied for England. This victory ranks together with the 4-2 World Cup win in France over Germany (then calling itself Great Germany, after the annexation of Austria) in 1938, as one of the finest in Swiss soccer history.

For the meeting with Italy new coach Louis Maurer picked only one débutant and he was entrusted with looking after the great Riva! Pierangelo Boffi (24) from Lugano took his chance with both hands and rarely allowed one of Europe's most feared strikers to show his paces. Blättler shot the home side into a 16th-minute lead, then Mazzola thrilled the crowd with his sensational solo effort. Just outside the penalty box he juggled with the ball lifting it six times (!) without touching the ground and then shot suddenly on the turn into the corner of the net to make it 1-1.

Festivities

A total of 26 out of the 33 countries affiliated to the European Football Union were represented at the festivities and the game. The distinguished guests were headed by FIFA's president, Sir Stanley Rous. Teams—Switzerland: Kunz; Boffi, Chapuisat, Weibel, Perroud; Odermatt, Kuhn; Balmer (then Jeandupeux and later Vuilleumier), Blättler, Künzli, Wenger. Italy: Albertosi (Zoff); Poletti, Niccolai, Cera (Ferrante), Facchetti; Juliano (Cera), De Sisti; Domenghini, Mazzola, Gori, Riva.

Swiss clubs are also enjoying some glory in the two major European Cup competitions. For the first time since 1964 both clubs—Basle and Zurich—qualified for the second round. Basle's triumph over the Russian champions, Spartak Moscow, is rated the greatest in their history.

So far, 11 Swiss teams have taken part in the three international tournaments. They played a total of 157 games, winning 41 whilst losing 91. The most successful club has proved to be FC Zürich, although they participated in only six contests, as compared with Basle (13), Lausanne (12) or Servette (8).

Three teams managed to reach the semi-finals: First Lausanne in the Fairs Cup of 1955–58 (when the competition was spread over three seasons); Young Boys of Berne in the Champions Cup 1958–59 and lastly Zürich in 1963–64, also in the Champions tourney. Zürich also had a fine run in the Fairs Cup 1968–69, when they entered the quarter-final stage after eliminating Barcelona, Nottingham Forest and Sporting Lisbon. In the Cup Winners Cup only one Swiss team appeared in the last eight, namely Lausanne, in 1964–65.

ARTHUR ROTMIL

Basle's victory over Spartak Moscow in the European Cup might have been their best ever result but they found their next round opponents, Ajax of Amsterdam, tougher opposition. Here Basle defenders are helpless as they watch Dick Van Dijk (out of picture) score the Dutch club's second goal in a 3-0 victory.

KINDVALL TO MOVE?

OVE KINDVALL, the Swedish international who had a glorious 1969/70 season, has told his employers, Feyenoord of Rotterdam, that he wants to return home after the current Dutch football season.

If Feyenoord consent, then Kindvall is almost certain to rejoin his old club, Norrkoping, who finished sixth in Sweden in the championship which has just ended.

Kindvall announced that he had been offered a job in Sweden in public relations and he thought the time had come to start thinking more carefully about his future. He has a wife and two children, all of them living modestly in the same street where Feyenoord coach Ernst Happel is living.

Last season was Kindvall's best ever. He not only scored the decisive goal that brought the European Cup to Holland for the first time but in between Dutch League games and European Cup games he was freed by Feyenoord for the important Swedish World Cup qualifying matches and the Swedes owed it mainly to him that they qualified for Mexico.

In Mexico, however, Kindvall, very tired after that hectic season, could not inspire his team-mates.

Since those games Kindvall's rate of goal-scoring has steadily dropped. Happel has done all he could to recharge him. He rested him for a few games and deliberately never let him play for a full 90 minutes, using the young Van Daele as substitute on many occasions.

But it remains clear that Kindvall, who has scored over 100 goals for his adopted club since he came to Holland in 1966, has lost confidence and this is probably the main influence behind his desire to go home and get a job besides playing football.

> 'When he does not score goals he can return home . . .'

Interest

He very likely feels that his best years are behind him and he must make the break before it is too late. That, of course, explains why Feyenoord have been showing a more than passing interest in the West German international Jurgen Grabowski of Eintracht Frankfurt.

Though Kindvall left Sweden half-way through their 1966 season he had already scored so many goals in his native land that he was still the country's top goalscorer when the season ended despite the fact that he had been playing for Feyenoord for some months.

The club gave him a free weekend to fly back to receive the Golden Ball as top scorer and the £800 which was donated to the winner.

Then his first full season of Dutch football began. Playing alongside fellow Swede Harry Bild he scored 23 goals in 34 games, one less than his partner, and shared third place in the goal-scoring charts.

Bild went home then and Kindvall pronounced that: "The time had come to take over."

How right he was. The 1967–68 season saw him end as top goalscorer throughout Holland with 28 goals, and the following year was even more productive with 30 goals coming from those lethal feet.

However, he had to be content with sharing the top spot and the club won the League Championship.

Triumphed

The 1969–70 season was a tremendous one. Feyenoord triumphed in both the European Cup and the Inter-Continental Cup and became World Club Champions. The fact that they relinquished the Championship to old rivals Ajax didn't matter. Kindvall notched 23 goals, sharing second place in the charts with Johan Cruyff of Ajax. Top scorer was Willy van der Kuylen of PSV Eindhoven, who scored 26.

First hints that Kindvall was unhappy came even as far back as May, when he made it known that he was reluctant to re-sign. But one wondered how much several lucrative offers from the Bundesliga had influenced Ove into holding out and getting better terms which he achieved.

This season has seen his luck turn sour, with shots that would normally have hit the back of the net striking posts and crossbars with startling regularity and this probably accounts for his loss of confidence.

The fact that he has scored eight times in the first ten matches would seem good enough for most but for a perfectionist like Kindvall it's just not good enough and ought to have been more. Like in the European Cup clashes with UT Arad of Rumania. Feyenoord ought to have beaten them instead of falling to an unknown team but couldn't hit goals.

If and when Kindvall returns home he is assured of a hero's welcome. Even now Swedish journalists make frequent trips to see him play and seek his views afterwards. One paper even telephones him every Sunday night for his personal comment.

The club were not shaken by his announcement. Manager Brox only said: "When he does not score goals he can return home ... when his shooting power returns we'll offer him a new contract and then we'll see what he does. We only worry when the time comes, not now."

NORMAN CUTLER—on the man who cannot keep out of the news

HERRERA—ON ROAD TO RECOVERY

THE irrepressible Helenio Herrera, the world's highest paid manager, is well on the way to recovery after his near-death crash on the Autopista del Sol, just outside Florence.

He is back with "La Roma", more genial than he has been for some time, although furious at still not being able to take a really active part in the daily training.

The accident, and H.H.'s latest revelation, are just further episodes—perhaps more hair-raising and romantic this time—in his headline catching life. Italian newsmen shrug their shoulders and say: "H.H. just cannot keep out of the news, even when he wants to."

Herrera was on his way to view samples of a new "synthetic grass for football pitches" when the accident occurred at Italy's blackest road spot, the dangerous curve of La Pinetta, south of Florence. Driving his cream Mercedes, he overtook a lorry, crashed into road works, careered across the opposite traffic line and plunged off the autopista. He walked from the wreck —the Mercedes was a total loss—released his companion, Fiora Gandolfi, then sank down into semi-collapse.

The pair, the girl was only slightly hurt, were rushed to the Clinica Ulivella and within an hour H.H. was in the care of eminent Italian surgeon, Dr. Ugo Scaglietti. His injuries were diagnosed as fractured ribs and a damaged spine; the surgeon's opinion: "... had Signor Herrera not been perfectly fit and strong as becomes a footballer, he would have broken his back."

Charming

His son and daughter, journalist Helenio junior and the charming Rocio, advised by telephone, immediately flew to his bedside from their home in Madrid. On arrival they found him "pretty sick ... in pain ... and on the danger list" ... but talking to Rome's millionaire president, Signor Marchini, and directing the Rome team's training through general secretary, Vincenza Biacone, and club captain, Luis del Sol.

Evidently nothing can keep this man down.

Once out of danger H.H., his ribs and spine encased in plaster, left Florence for his home in Rome calling, en route, at the club ground to greet his players. After that he retired behind the high walls of his old Roman palace-mansion in the exclusive residential district of San Alesio, to "recuperate". He was in constant contact with the club by telephone ... but two days was the most he could endure. "Sitting around the house and garden was worse than hospital. I recovered far quicker once I began visiting the stadium," he told me.

Incidentally a number of motor car companies have been duelling for the "honour" of replacing the destroyed Mercedes ... as a gift to H.H.

Just before the accident Herrera was the centre of another kind of sensation. Beneath headlines like "Flowers for a Manager in Love", newspapers published an H.H. statement about his friendship with the beautiful Italian journalist, Fiora Gandolfi. It put into perspective what everyone had been talking about for a very long time.

Fiora, who is 32 and for several years legally separated from her husband, a Milan engineer, first met Helenio when she edited his biography and book on Italian football. The business association developed into a friendship which they tried to—and did—keep secret. But secrets cannot be kept forever, especially in Italy. Their rare visits to semi-public places crept into the gossip columns ... and soon the whole thing began to snowball.

(The friendship was said to be the reason why H.H. last season, for the first time in his life, was so distant and anxious to avoid press reporters ... a situation which caused the directors of "La Roma" considerable private concern.)

Acknowledged

Once on the surface the story reached the proportions, not of a scandal as is usual in Italy, but a Royal Romance. It was written about with affection ... and with a "good for you, H.H." attitude. Pictures replaced gossip items ... they were seen together more ... until the romance was unofficially acknowledged when Fiora accompanied H.H. to Mexico for the World Cup.

Once the story was in the open, "El Mago" (The Magician) as he is popularly known, lost his nervousness and became his old self. He regained his joviality, became agreeable to everybody ... and the Rome Stadium took on a different atmosphere.

Six days before the accident H.H. made his public statement about the romance, spoke of a perfect friendship with a wonderful person and said: "Being popular and in the public eye I prefer it to be known that we care for each other very much and are living together." *(When legal difficulties are solved they intend to marry.)*

That did it. For six hectic days, until the almost disastrous accident, Fiora ... now without her dark "disguise" glasses ... was Italy's most newsworthy and photographed girl. Then came the crash ... H.H. was back ... in the headlines.

There is no doubt that soon after the season started President Marchini, whose opinion of his manager cannot be higher, urged H.H. to make a public statement about his private affairs, which he did. Afterwards Signor Marchini said: "I prefer a manager publicly in love to one agitated and on edge with press and photographers, as Herrera was last season."

H.H. is now back on top of the world, still confidently and loudly maintaining that although Cagliari, Fiorentina, Milan and Inter are joint favourites ("The League is very equal this year"). "La Roma" will be at the top when the season ends.

"The Mago" really has recovered from dangerous curves and cupid.

English must learn

"IF the English players would learn how to play football, they would be unbeatable," said Ferenc Berczesi, the Pecsi Dozsa outside-right, to me after his club's first-leg tie at Newcastle. "They are fantastically fit, fast and brave," he added.

I pointed out to him that it is precisely the speed of the British game which obscures the players' individual talents. They could be almost as clever on the ball as the Continentals or the South Americans, if the tempo of their football would be less hectic.

Berczesi's remark is typical of the misconception that still exists in Hungary. Don Howe, the Arsenal coach, summed it up admirably in a recent TV interview with Brian Moore.

"Continental footballers lack physical determination. I do not mean that they should be over-tough, but that they should have the urgency to fight for the ball as soon as they lose it. Modern football is 33⅓% skill, 33⅓% method and 33⅓% physical determination."

I might not quite agree with Howe on the division of percentages, but he is basically right. We also know that "physical determination" can become excessive, but it is my sincere belief that with the help of strong refereeing, this could be easily remedied, and then the endeavour would be wholly beneficial.

Over-sensitive

Besides this traditional affection for "nice football", Hungarian players have recently become over-sensitive regarding the press. They think that the communication media (newspapers, TV and radio) are harsh and unnecessarily critical. "The journalists have brainwashed the public to such an extent, that they will not come to see us," one well-known international said. "And the hard core of supporters who do attend the League matches are in the habit of making sarcastic remarks, and their behaviour undermines our confidence."

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Listening to this poor fellow, one is almost forced to imagine that it was a team of sportswriters who lost 4-1 at Marseille and 4-0 at Belgrade. All the three entrants from Budapest have been kicked out in double quick time from the European competitions—but, of course, this was also the fault of the press!

The answer is that if one goes to a restaurant three or four times and finds the meals terrible and the service bad, one will not go the fifth time.

The Hungarian clubs have been serving up "unpalatable food" to their loyal patrons for years, and now the fans have decided that they don't care for it. The moment the standard of football improves and reaches a reasonable level, I am sure that the faithfuls will return to their favourite shrines in their thousands. But until then, gate-figures will make depressing reading.

Final reckoning

Despite the overall gloom, I am glad to record that the once famous Hungarians are still good enough to beat the amateurs of Norway. A 3-1 victory in the opening European Championship Cup game at Oslo was very welcome, because these two points might be handy at the final reckoning.

In front of 15,000 people, Bene opened the scoring in the sixth minute when he cleverly beat goalkeeper Karlsen following a Fazekas-Muller move. This was the Vasas player Muller's first full cap, and the other débutant, Laszlo Nagy (Ujpesti Dozsa), scored the second goal in the 23rd minute.

Iversen (now with Malines in Belgium) reduced the gap in the 49th minute, but 20 minutes later the unfortunate Karlsen palmed an innocent-looking Kocsis cross into his own net.

This puny victory does not make up for the countless disappointments, and when one considers that on the same day the Under-23 side lost 1-0 to Norway, the future does not look too bright either.

The list of the top-scorers include the greatest names of Central European football: Dr. Gyorgy Sarosi leads the list with 50 goals, followed by Meazza of Ambrosiana (now Inter) and Geza Toldi with 28. The immortal Sindelar of Austria Vienna and my boyhood idol, Gyula Zsengeller, are on 24, and further down the list one finds Avar, Nejedly, Bican, Binder, Turai, Orsi and Puskas. This season's competition is the 30th in its history, but although the name is the same, its importance is now minimal.

Inexplicable setbacks

Despite a couple of painful and inexplicable setbacks (1-2 v. Videoton, 1-2 v. Raba), Ujpesti Dozsa are four points ahead of the field in the League title race. Vasas were in the hunt for some time but a sudden slump increased the gap. They have 21 points after 12 matches—one fewer than Honved, MTK and Ferencvaros.

These four clubs will be fighting hard for the silver medals and a place in next year's Fairs Cup. Szeged are still firmly entrenched at the foot of the table, but Raba are battling their way out of the relegation zone.

New coach Agoston Domonkos has revitalised the team, and now it is Dunaujvaros who are in dire trouble.

There is a separate race between the provincial clubs for the highest League placing, which is also worth a place in the Fairs Cup. Pecsi are the current leaders, but their goal-shy forward line might not be good enough to keep them there.

Incidentally, participation in the Fairs Cup for a Hungarian provincial club is not a viable financial proposition—in fact so far Pecsi have lost money on their European adventure (v. Univ. Craiova and Newcastle).

But they consider the money well spent because of the enormous international publicity they have received. Millions of people had never heard of Pecsi until their name was put in the hat for the Fairs Cup draw. I can't see any immediate tangible advantages, but I suppose the old saying that a good football club improves a town's image must still be true.

★ **LESLIE VERNON**

by Klaus Schlegel

Chief Editor of the "Neue Fussball-Woche"

East German goalkeeper Juergen Croy.

GDR PLANS IMPROVEMENT

THE German Football Association of the German Democratic Republic, with 430,000 members the biggest sports association of the country, held its IVth congress in April 1970. Apart from electing a presidium in conformity with the association's constitution, one of the main points on the agenda was a discussion about the unsatisfactory standards of performance in GDR soccer. After analysing the situation, the delegates adopted measures to overcome the stagnation of recent years.

Herr Helmut Riedel, president of the GDR football association, stated quite frankly in his speech: "In its development soccer is lagging far behind other sports in the GDR. The bronze medal won at the Tokyo Games in 1964 was a fluke; we failed in all other major competitions thereafter, which alone are a determining factor. In order to live up to future requirements it is necessary to make a new departure. This will not be easy, but it is indispensable so as to keep abreast of developments in world soccer. A higher quality in our work with up-and-coming talent and a better level of top-class training should pave the way for more efficient work at all levels of our association."

Development

With only six months gone after this discussion, it is too early to strike a final balance. However, it should be noted that a favourable and encouraging development is taking place both in the national team and in the best club teams.

The junior team of the GDR reached the finals of the UEFA junior tournament in the last two years, taking second place in 1969 after a drawn match against Bulgaria and coming out winners in 1970 after a draw with the Netherlands. In both cases lots had to be drawn to determine the winners.

The Spartakiad movement, which in soccer, too, proves to be a successful method in developing up-and-coming talent, has been enhanced both in quality and quantity in the current year.

In its three official international matches this year, the national team remained unbeaten, holding Poland to a 1-1 draw at Krakow, beating Iraq comfortably 5-0 at Jena and thrashing Poland 5-0 at Rostock.

"This is only a beginning, of course," said Herr Helmut Riedel, president of the GDR's FA, in October. "However, these beginnings prove that you can achieve more than before if you concentrate on some major points in your programme."

And Georg Buschner, who was appointed manager of the national team in April, added: "Only the elimination games for the European championships will disclose what we are capable of doing. We shall be judged by the results in our qualification matches against the Netherlands in Dresden on November 11, against Luxembourg in Luxembourg on November 5 and, of course, in our friendly meeting with England in London on November 25. I am quite optimistic, since we have worked very hard."

Skeleton

As a matter of fact the players have done their best so far. The FC Carl Zeiss Jena, which provided the skeleton of the national team, can be credited with applying scientific methods in training for many years.

This comes as a result of the close co-operation between the local Friedrich Schiller University and the Carl Zeiss club, which is also coached by national team manager Georg Buschner. Dynamo Dresden, too, has made considerable headway and is the closest rival of Jena for the leading position in the GDR's First Division.

This sporting rivalry is an indication of the fact that every effort is being made to attain greater fitness. Generally speaking one may say that the standard of performance in the present national championship is higher than it was in recent years. It should be mentioned in this connection, that the GDR football association is trying hard to improve the level of coaching. A special course for all managers of First Division teams was held at the DHfK sports university in Leipzig making available the latest knowledge in soccer coaching.

The standards of soccer in the GDR do not yet compare with those in top-class soccer elsewhere. But the points have been shifted in order to make up for lost ground and to attain the same standards as other GDR sports hold, such as athletics, rowing, swimming, volleyball, to quote just a few. The future will tell us if GDR soccer does only claim the crown of popularity or is also capable of wielding the sceptre in terms of superior performance.

VILLA NEW HERO OF A.C. MILAN

TO the list of new luminaries in the Italian League can be added the name of Silvano Villa, of AC Milan. Three years ago a hitherto unknown player headed the goal-scoring lists and was highly instrumental in the winning of the Italian championship by Milan—Pierino Prati. It is too early to say whether Villa is likely to emulate this feat, but he has come into the life of Rocco like an angel from on high.

Villa is 19, was bought by Milan from a local team for £2,000, lent last season to Alessandria—for whom he scored more than a few goals—and now seems destined to receive all the ballyhoo that the Italian publicity machine manufactures for creatures such as himself.

For months Rocco had worried. Worried about the feeble form of Prati, the inability of Combin to do the simple things effectively, the essential lack of class of Rognoni. Now Villa has appeared, scored three very good goals in two and a half matches and seems well on the way to establishing himself as an important part of the Milan team. With someone to score their goals, to capitalise on their excellent midfield, Milan must seem optimistic of the future.

Cagliari have confirmed pre-season expectation and remain the team to beat. They have an unhappy penchant for interspersing the brilliant with the mediocre. Against Lazio they scored four spectacular goals, with Gori more than merely a foil for Riva, a player who has now added skill to his courage and looks a possible international on merit, not merely a shield-bearer for his more illustrious comrade. Against Inter again, Cagliari looked unbeatable.

by PHILIP EVANS

But their performances against Sampdoria and Varese were pure jelly; against St. Etienne they played a horribly defensive game, placing an inordinate amount of pressure upon Niccolai and Tomasini. It was as well that those two were in form. Perhaps things will begin to run more smoothly with the European Cup commitment removed. If they manage to run up a good lead by the New Year, they may be home, since they do have the tendency to keep their noses out in front when all hell is being loosed off behind them.

Graceful

Bologna are a stylish team this term, with Bulgarelli as graceful as ever, and a newcomer—Liguori—to give added bite to the midfield.

Against Inter they played some wonderful football, only to give away two silly goals. It would be nice to see Bologna do well, a team that has produced a fair amount of local talent, never given over to ridiculous spending in the transfer market. And if the ground is a pretty hideous sight, the crowd is friendly and faithful.

Inter are a mess. Talking to Facchetti after that game he admitted as much—"We haven't yet managed to work out a system of play." He, of course, remains a superb player with that wonderful physique and that calm, laconic approach to the game. Mazzola is still there and as good as ever. But Burgnich is slowing, Corso is slowing, Boninsegna has to do his own grafting. Frustalupi remains staggeringly ineffectual, Pellizzaro unable to play to anything approaching his former Sicilian form. They depend for so much on Vieri, not the best of makeshift policies from a club with such an illustrious near-past.

As a pseudo-Tuscan I feel ashamed about Fiorentina. Of course they have the players, they have the money, they have their share of the limelight. But the defence remains desperately dependent upon the admirable attributes of Ferrante, the forwards seem in acute need of a comprehensive course in communications. Vitali scored a bagful of goals last season and will do well to get half that total this year. He is a lumbering figure in a team of small men, of players like Chiarugi who like to dart about on their own instead of pushing the ball into the danger areas. It needs another dose of Superchitis—a worrying disease which frequently paralyses the Fiorentina goalkeeper—for the club to start falling into the depths.

Ignorant

Good old Sampdoria. Or rather, Suarez, playing as well for the Genoese club as he has done for Inter in the past two or three seasons. The "Suarez Case" must remain as an historical example of how fundamentally silly club directors can be in matters of which they are ignorant. Samp, of course, are a team of also-rans, with precious few players who can understand what Suarez is up to, let alone do anything about it. But they fought well at Cagliari, were desperately unlucky not to take away at least one point, and in Salvi they have a winger who has shown some good form in these early games.

Giacinto Facchetti, captain of Italy and Inter-Milan.

How long Napoli will be able to remain in the running they only know.

What Chiappella has succeeded in doing is to weld together a clutch of not particularly talented regulars with his more experienced players. Zoff in goal, Juliano in midfield, Altafini and Sormani up front are the men around whom the squad is based. The surprise is that the defence has yet to concede a goal, surprising because Napoli have no famous names in their rear-guard. Of course that hysterical and enormous crowd deserves a successful first division squad. But injury remains the great enemy as old limbs find the going hard.

David Webb scores the only goal of the game in Chelsea's home encounter with CSKA Sofia.

Amazing Best

RON HARRIS Column as told to GREGORY TESSER

SINCE writing last month I suppose most of you know that we have been eliminated by Manchester United from the very lucrative Football League Cup competition. However, although all of us were obviously depressed after our 2-1 defeat, we were proud to witness one of the greatest individual goals we had ever seen. George Best's winner was a goal worth going literally hundreds of miles to see. And there is no doubt in my mind that his all-round performance during the game must have put him on a par with any one of the fabulous Brazilian forwards. Certainly if it wasn't for the magic of "Besty", we would have reached the quarter-finals without too much trouble.

The only goal I have seen to better George's effort was the one Peter Osgood scored against Burnley at Turf Moor during the 1965–66 season. "Ossie", then aged only 18, ran the whole length of the field, beating man after man before placing the ball delicately past the goalkeeper. In fact it was the sort of goal unlikely to be repeated for a very long time.

But our defeat in the League Cup could well be a blessing in disguise. After all we are involved in as many competitions as it is possible to enter, and let's face it you can't win 'em all!

Last season Leeds United were caught up in so many competitions that they finished the season with nothing to show for all their hard work, after at one time it looked as if they could capture a magnificent treble of European Cup, FA Cup and League championship. We certainly don't want this to happen to us this season.

Advantage

I think our best performance of the season so far was in Sofia when we defeated, and essentially outplayed, the very talented CSKA Sofia outfit. You should have read what the Bulgarian press wrote about us after the match. Many of their most respected soccer writers called us the "best club side ever seen in Bulgaria".

Everything went well for us in Sofia, and in retrospect I think we could have bettered our one goal advantage. Peter Osgood in particular was in outstanding form, and frankly I don't think I have ever seen him play better. The pundits who in the past have accused "Ossie" of being selfish should have been in Bulgaria on that day. As for CSKA, there is no doubting their tremendous skills.

As I have said, it was altogether a most satisfying display. We seem to rise to the occasion for these prestige European matches, and our performance in both Salonika and Sofia was in my opinion as good as any we have produced. My aim is obviously to lift the coveted Cup Winners trophy, and victory would be even sweeter if we could win the Cup without losing a match.

Tension

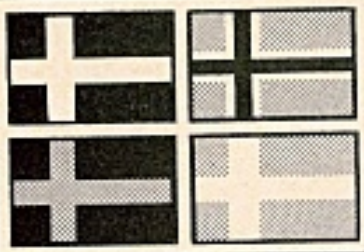
Basically there is much more than just pride at stake in this. If you draw or win away from home in the first leg, much of the tension which exists in European competitive matches disappears. I can assure you that if you are trying to pull back a two-goal deficit, the tension can become almost unbearable.

I remember when we played Barcelona in the second leg of our European Fairs Cup semi-final at Stamford Bridge. We were two goals down, and although we made the aggregate score 2-2, we could so easily have won the tie if we had not been so tense and over-anxious.

Minnows

Then, of course, you have got to be so careful of the "away goals counting double" rule. Those minnows from Northern Ireland, Linfield, suffered from this comparatively new ruling only last September. They lost 1-0 to European Cup Winners Cup holders Manchester City at Maine Road in the first leg, won the second leg 2-1, but were eliminated from the competition. In the old days there would have been a play-off, something which many people argue is still the fairest way of deciding a drawn European tie.

Next month I hope to be able to write about our second-leg defeat of CSKA, plus something about our opponents in the quarter-finals of the Cup Winners Cup.



SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

by Eric Batty

MALMO WIN LEAGUE

SWEDEN

ATVIDABERG, 1969 FA Cup Winners and Division I leaders at the 1970 half-way mark, proved a great disappointment to their coach, Bengt Gustafsson, the former Norrkoping international stopper.

Knocked out of the European Cup Winners Cup by Albania's Partizani, they fought a running battle with Malmo FF, only to be pipped at the post for the league title. On the last day Malmo were one point better off and accounted for Orgryte 2-0 and though Atvidaberg won away, 3-2 against relegated GAIS, it wasn't enough.

Key man in Malmo's success was inside-forward Bo Larsson, back during the summer after service in the Bundesliga with VfB Stuttgart.

After being Sweden's leading football centre for some years, Gothenburg experienced a disastrous campaign with all three clubs in the city facing an almost continuous battle against each other and relegation.

When it was all over, Orgryte had escaped, saving themselves in the penultimate match when they beat Norrkoping 2-0 and leaving neighbours GAIS and IFK Goteborg to face the drop to Division II. Relegation is particularly unpleasant for IFK Goteborg—champions 1969 and now second class.

DENMARK

The principles of the last "true-blue" amateurs are coming under increasing pressure. Bronshoj were all set to sign the young Danish inside-forward Finn Laudrup (from Wiener Sportklub) before the FA intervened to point out that amateur clubs cannot pay £5,000 transfer fees as had been agreed.

The FA themselves are coming under considerable pressure to lift the ban on foreign-based Danish players playing for the national team, amateur or not. This movement gathered considerable strength after the 0-5 defeat against Poland in Warsaw—the Danes' biggest hammering since the 8-0 beating they took from Germany back in 1937 at Breslau. By comparison, the 1-0 defeat a few weeks later in Copenhagen—a European Championship game against Portugal—was almost a success.

Hvidovre, who came from nowhere to win the championship in 1966 under another Austrian, Ernst Netuka, slipped into top place only two steps from home. Then beaten at home by reigning champions B.1903 Copenhagen (0-2), Vejle beat them 3-1 in the last match to allow B.1903 to keep the title they won in 1969 with Akademisk BK behind them only on goal average.

Bo Larsson, back with Malmo after playing in West Germany with VfB Stuttgart.

Skeid relegated after long battle

NORWAY

THROUGHOUT the 1970 campaign Oslo's only Division I club, Skeid, has struggled vainly to avoid relegation—a fate which befell Ski-Og-Lyn who also use the Ullevaal stadium in Oslo, who went down in 1969 only 12 months after taking the championship.

At the turn Skeid beat Sarpsborg away 3-0 to lift themselves from the bottom. Plagued by ill-luck and injuries, Skeid might have saved themselves even on the last day away to Stromgodset and done 1969 champions Rosenborg a favour into the bargain.

Rosenborg (Trondheim), and their English coach, George Curtis, made a valiant effort to retain the league trophy despite their losing the two goal-scoring forwards of 1969, Odd Iversen and Harold Sunde (both now in Belgium).

Unable to score goals, Rosenborg had to concentrate on stopping them and with 16 games gone (and two to play) they were top of the table with a goals tally of 12 for and 3 against!

One point behind were Stromgodset, who play in Drammen, south-west of Oslo, and at the 17th hurdle they entertained Rosenborg and won 2-0. The last day had two dramatic fixtures, Stromgodset v. Skeid and Rosenborg (2nd) at home to newly promoted Hamarkameratene, who occupied third place. Playing an attacking game for the first time in a year, Rosenborg won 3-0, but Skeid, losing 1-0 to a penalty goal, meant the league title for Stromgodset, relegation for Skeid and second place for Rosenborg.

A week later Stromgodset added the FA Cup to their honours list—their first ever championship turned into a double—when they beat Lyn (Oslo) 4-2. Skeid's term in Division II is unlikely to be a lengthy one and meanwhile for Oslo fans, two of the city's big guns Lyn and Frigg have won promotion, while Ski-Og-Lyn play next year in the Cup Winners Cup.

Grave error by Hauss

REIGNING champions and current league leaders RFC Standard-Liege manager, Rene Hauss, made a monumental error during an away match against newly promoted RFC Antwerp. Two-nil up and coasting home, Kostedde, the German striker, got a knock and was taken off after scoring both goals.

Hauss sent on his new Yugoslav forward Petrovic as substitute. The former Partizan player made little contribution to the game but could have a decisive bearing on the championship race. With Standard and Anderlecht locked together at the top, each club having 15 points from eight matches and FC Bruges only one point behind, every step is critical.

In normal circumstances the destination of the title would be determined in the round of games between the top three clubs but it appears a near certainty that M. Hauss and Standard will pay dearly for sending on Petrovic for Kostedde.

According to Belgian rules not more than three foreign players can play for any team in one match and in Antwerp, Standard started with Kostedde, the Czech Cvetler and the Yugoslav Takac. When Petrovic went on for Kostedde he was the fourth foreigner and it seems unlikely that the FA can misinterpret their own regulations, even assuming that they wanted to. The penalty is a fine of 200 francs (a mere trifle) and a *technical* 0-5 defeat.

The following week Erwin Kostedde was again in shooting form, snatching three more goals away to FC Diest in a 4-0 win. Meanwhile Anderlecht were beating La Gantoise 3-0 in Ghent and RFC Liege lifted themselves clear of bottom place with a 1-0 win away to Beerschot in Antwerp. Three more goals puts Kostedde clear of his rivals with nine goals. Behind him are the Dane Christian Andersen (Union St. Gilloise) with six and the two Belgian caps Van Himst (Anderlecht) and Lambert (FC Bruges) with five each.

Raoul Lambert of FC Bruges is one of the leading goalscorers in Belgium.

CRUYFF IMPROVES

SHORTLY before Ajax played their second leg European Cup tie against FC Basle, the team produced a fine performance against PSV.

Suddenly Johan Cruyff was back in the team and although he did not produce his full repertoire of tricks he inspired Ajax to a 1-0 win. Leaders ADO also produced something of a shock by dropping a point against bottom club AZ'67. Fortunately for ADO second placed Sparta could also only manage a draw, against FC Utrecht. Feyenoord, however, won to move ahead of Sparta, two points behind ADO. Ajax are five points behind the leaders.

TOUGH GOING FOR SPRINGER

FORMER Sturm Graz boss Gerdi Springer is probably not so happy with the bright lights of Vienna as he thought he would be. Certainly the Rapid squad, whose talents are undeniable, present a formidable problem for anyone.

At home to Austria Salzburg before a crowd of 11,000 (good by current standards) Rapid trailed 1-3 down in the second half. Only a late penalty enabled Bjerregard to make it three each and gain a point. The following week Austria Salzburg crashed 0-4 at home to the league leaders, Admira-Energie, and after ten rounds it's still Admira with 15 points, followed by Sturm Graz, Rapid and Austria Salzburg all two points behind.

Centre-forward Willi Kreuz (Admira) tops the goal-scorers' list with ten goals —enough to earn him a place in the national team—with the Dane Bjerregard and Kuppers (Wattens) both on nine. Five of Bjerregard's goals were scored from the penalty spot!

Two of the big Vienna derbies have already been staged—Rapid beating First Vienna 2-1 and the following weekend Admira being held to 1-1 by Vienna on their own ground at Sud-Stadt.

Czech coach of Austria's national team, Leopold Stastny, felt the pressure lifted from his back just a little following the 1-0 win over France. Only his fourth victory in his 15-game spell in command (Malta and Cyprus are amongst the other three victims), Stastny needs greater penetration in attack as was amply demonstrated in the Nations Cup game at the Prater Stadium, where 60,000 paid to see Italy beat Austria 2-1.

Right-winger Parits (formerly FK Austria and now with 1st FC Koln in West Germany) levelled the scores after De Sisti had put Italy in front but Mazzola soon restored Italy's advantage before Rivi went off on a stretcher (a broken leg) resulting from a collision with Norbert Hof.

Cagliari go out to a penalty

Report from ROGER MACDONALD in Madrid

THE decline and fall of the Italian champions, Cagliari, began just five days before they went out of the European Cup to Atletico Madrid. A thousand miles away in Vienna, Italy were playing Austria in the European championship, and leading comfortably, 2-0. But at 22 minutes to five Norbert Hof, a determined Austrian not noted for his subtlety, came in hard as Riva picked up a ball in midfield. Riva caught a glimpse of Hof, tried to turn away from the tackle, but collapsed in agony as Hof's boot caught him just above the ankle. Within seconds he was writhing in pain on the ground, surrounded by anxious players and trainers. Hof got up, protesting his innocence; and Riva was carried off on a stretcher and taken to hospital. Italy went through the motions for the remainder of the match, winning, 2-1 largely through Austria's incompetence in front of goal. Even as a victory, it was a total disaster.

Back in Sardinia, the newspapers ran a special edition, with the big black type usually reserved for a state funeral. Some hard words were said in the Cagliari camp about risking their great investment in petty internationals abroad. It took a personal statement by Manlio Scopigno, Cagliari's manager, to calm things down when he returned from Vienna after having the mortifying experience of seeing the semi-deity of his club collapse in front of him.

Total disaster

On the Tuesday Cagliari arrived in Madrid for the second leg of their European tie against Atletico, put back to Thursday by prior arrangement. Their captain, Cera, giving an interview at the airport, said that Riva's injury was a "total disaster. He gave a new dimension to our ambitions in Europe and in the Italian championship. All we can hope is that our team can lift themselves in the face of such misfortune."

Scopigno, talking privately later, was more explicit. "It means we must alter our tactics," he said. "Riva could be relied upon so much as a one-man army that we could play the Italian system of one or two men up and still score goals in rapid counter-attacks. But there is no one else capable of fulfilling his role, so I must change our style. Don't ask me, though, if I can risk changing it for so vital a match as this one."

Scopigno had two choices for his replacement for Riva. He could bring in a full-back, De Petri, and play unashamedly for a draw, hoping to hold the 2-1 lead from the first leg; or he could bring in a midfield player, Brugnera. De Petri, at 24, had first-team experience but was barely recovered from a knee injury received at the start of the season. So it was Brugnera, wearing Riva's Number 11 shirt, who took the field at Manzanares.

Atletico had sold the live television rights for a big sum, gambling that they would still get a big crowd—and they were pleased enough with 55,000, not a full house but near enough to give them the support they needed. On the previous Sunday Atletico had received a rude shock from their neighbours, Real, who had led 2-0 at Manzanares until the last five minutes. But in those minutes first Irureta and then Garate had scored to give Atletico a draw they scarcely deserved.

Fully extended

After this, there was little danger of Atletico being complacent, and they put the pressure on Cagliari almost immediately. Albertosi, on his day one of the best goalkeepers in the world, was fully extended by two blistering shots from Ufarte within a minute of each other. He also took a dangerous centre from Calleja and a tentative shot from Adelardo without the slightest hesitation, for all the world like a man spiking litter in the park.

Yet the pattern of the match had already been set. Cagliari left Gori up front, a lone sentinel outflanked and heavily outnumbered, whose only task was to hold and wait, in the hope that Domenghini or Nene would come racing over the halfway line for a quick one-two. Atletico, a little casual in these wide open spaces, tended to play too square, and twice Cagliari managed a shot on the break, but from too great a distance to trouble Rodri.

Flowing movement

Then, just as Atletico's storm seemed to have blown itself out, and Scopigno had stopped twitching nervously on the touch-line, the Spaniards scored. Luis Aragones, showing the dynamism and inspired determination that had kept Atletico in the forefront of things all season, moved casually into the penalty area. Calleja centred, the ball bobbed between two or three defenders, and there was Luis, pouncing and striking with the same flowing movement. He hit the ball with the outside of his foot and it curled in a wicked parabola beyond the defenders and past the helpless, unsighted, Albertosi.

Two-all on aggregate; and, by virtue of the away goals rule, Atletico had their noses in front. Cagliari were under no illusions about the situation, and reacted sharply. Domenghini broke clear, beat Rodri, but hit his shot into the side netting; the crowd expelled air in one concerted sigh of relief. Then Nene took on two men and got his shot in, but only straight to Rodri's grateful arms.

Gesticulating

With just over 15 minutes remaining, it seemed that Cagliari might yet save the tie, for Atletico were beginning to give ground in midfield, trying to hold their technical advantage. But in the 73rd minute Adelardo bisected two defenders with a marvellous pass which Ufarte took on the run. Albertosi came out, Tomasini and Nancin converged on Ufarte, and the Spaniard and his pursuers went down in a heap inside the penalty area.

In that instant there was pandemonium. The referee blew his whistle without giving any decision, dodged gesticulating players from both teams, and ran over to his linesman on the far side. After muttered consultations he awarded a penalty and Cagliari went mad. It took several minutes to clear the Italian defenders out of the penalty area, and one of them, I believe it was Nancin, kicked the ball into the crowd. The referee grabbed him and pointed to the dressing-rooms, and after further uproar, Luis replaced the ball on the spot. Albertosi crouched and dived, but in a second the netting was stretching behind him; the crowd's reaction was like a thunderclap.

Back in Florence, Luigi Riva slept peacefully in his hospital bed, having declined to watch the match on television—as though he feared the worst. When a nurse handed him the newspapers the next morning, he looked at the headlines, and nodded sadly. Cagliari had fought until they dropped in Madrid; but there are no substitutes for gods.

European Championship

OCTOBER 7

Czechoslovakia (1) 1 (Albrecht) 5,000
Finland (1) 1 (Paatalainen)

Czechoslovakia: Schumacker; Vecerek, Bomba, Desiatnik (Urban), Mutkovic; Mojzis, Bartovic; Strunc, Nagy (Hobolkol, Stratil, Albrecht.

Finland: Heinonen; Makipaa, Kilponen, Rajantie, Kautonen; Suomalainen, Heikkila, Toivanen; Toivola, Limanen, Paatalainen.

(Ref.: O'Neill/Northern Ireland).

Norway (0) 1 (Iversen) 18,000
Hungary (2) 3 (Bene, Fazekas, Kocsis)

Norway: Karlsen; Pettersen, Thorsen, Spydevold, Slinning; Borno, Nilsen, Kvia; Iversen (Hasurgl, E. Olsen, Fugset (Eamann).

Hungary: Rothermel; Nosko, Meszoly, Vidats, Pancsics; Muller, Kocsis, Halmosi; Fazekas, Bene, Nagy.

(Ref.: Boogaerts/Holland).

OCTOBER 10

Rumania (2) 3 (Dumitrache 2, Nunweiller)
Finland (0) 0 50,000

Rumania: Raducanu; Satmareanu, Lupescu, Dinu, Vigu; Dumitru, Nunweiller; Neagu (Tataru), Dobrin, Dumitrache, F. Dumitrescu.

Finland: Heinonen; Makipaa, Kilponen, Rajantie, Kautonen; Suomalainen (Makela), Heikkila (Litmanen), Savoimaa; Toivola, Toivanen, Paatalainen.

OCTOBER 11

Malta (0) 1 (Vassallo) 15,000
Greece (0) 1 (Papaioannou)

Malta: Mizzi; Grima, Mallia, Theobald, Camillieri; Vassallo, Calles, Della; Cocks, Borg, Arpa.

Not available at the time of going to press.

Holland (0) 1 (Israel, pen.) 60,000
Yugoslavia (1) 1 (Djazic)

Holland: van Beveren; Israel; Strik, Lauerome, van Duivenbode; Rijnders, Jansen, van Hanegem; Klijnjan, van de Kuylen, Veenstra.

Yugoslavia: Curkovic; Tesvan, Stephanovic, Holcer, Paunovic; Pavlovic, Petkovic, Musemic; Ebjavic, Jerkovic, Djazic.

(Ref.: Mullan/Scotland).

OCTOBER 14

Denmark (0) 0 18,000
Portugal (1) 1 (Joao Jacinto)

Denmark: Poulsen; Torben Nielsen, Frederiksen, Sandvad, Flemming Pedersen; Hansen, Outzen, Andersen; Praest, Markussen, Keld Pedersen (Thygesen).

Portugal: Damas; Gomes, Humberto, Jose Carlos, Hilario; Peres, Jose Maria (Marine), Simoes (Graca); Artur Jorge, Eusebio, Joao Jacinto.

(Ref.: Callaghan/Wales).

Eire (1) 1 (Carroll, pen.) 30,000
Sweden (0) 1 (Brzokoupil)

Eire: Kelly; Carroll (Kinnear), Dempsey, Byrne, Dunne; Lawlor, Dunphy, Mulligan; Heighway, Conroy, Givens (Treacy).

Sweden: Sven-Gunnar Larsson; Selander, Kristensson, Nordqvist, Grip; Svensson, Olsson, Eriksson; Bo Larsson, Danielsson (Brzokoupil), Grahn.

(Ref.: R. Helies/France).

Poland (1) 3 (Gadocha, Lubanski, Szoltysik)
Albania (0) 0 15,000

Poland: Czaja; Stachurski, Wyrobek, Gorgon, Musial; Szoltysik, Dejna, Bula; Marks, Lubanski, Gadocha.

Not available at the time of going to press.

OCTOBER 18

West Germany (1) 1 (Gerd Muller, pen.)
Turkey (1) 1 (Kamarun) 53,000

West Germany: Maier; Vogts, Sieloff (Heynckes), Weber, Hottges; Beckenbauer, Fichtel, Overath; Libuda, Muller, Grabowski.

Turkey: Ali; Ismail, Muzzafer, Ercan, Ergun; Ziya, Sanli, Kamarun; Metin, Cemil (Sami), Ender.

(Ref.: Bonetti/Malta).

OCTOBER 28

Sweden (0) 1 (Turesson) 12,000
Eire (0) 0

Sweden: Hellstrom; Selander, Nordqvist, Kristensson, Grip (Cronqvist); Svensson, Bo Larsson, Olsson; Grahn, Eriksson, Brzokoupil (Turesson).

Eire: Kelly; Brennan, Dempsey, Dunning, Finucane; Dunphy, Conroy, Byrne; Lawlor, Treacy, Heighway.

(Ref.: Kazakov/Russia).

NOVEMBER 1

Austria (1) 1 (Parits) 60,000
Italy (2) 2 (De Sisti, Mazzola)

Austria: Koncilia (Rettensteiner); Schmidradner, Sturmberger, N. Hof, Pumm; Starek, Ettmayer; Parits, Hickersberger, Kreuz, Redl.

Italy: Albertosi; Cera; Burgnich, Rosato, Facchetti; Domenghini, Bertini, Rivera, De Sisti; Mazzola, Riva (Gori).

(Ref.: Van Ravens/Holland).

Classified Results

SEPTEMBER 6

France (3) 3 (Gondet, Loubet, Bosquier)
Czechoslovakia (0) 0 13,000

France: Carnus; Djorkaeff, Novi, Bosquier, Rostagni; Michel, Mezy; Herbet, Gondet, Loubet (Blanchet), Bereta.

Czechoslovakia: Victor (Vencel); Dobias, Migas, Hagara, Novak; Goleta, Kuna; Vesely, Hrdlicka (Jurkanin), Szikora, Petras (Albrecht).

(Ref.: Scheurer/Switzerland).

SEPTEMBER 9

West Germany (2) 3 (Sieloff, Muller 2)
Hungary (1) 1 (Fazekas) 67,000

West Germany: Maier; Vogts, Sieloff, Weber, Hottges; Beckenbauer, Fichtel; Grabowski, Seeler, Muller, Lohr (Libuda).

Hungary: Rothermel; Nosko, Pancsics (Meszoly), Megyesi, Halmosi; Kocsis, Konrad, Karsai; Fazekas, Bene, Kozma (Antal Dunai).

(Ref.: Marschall/Austria).

SEPTEMBER 13

Austria (0) 0 20,000
Yugoslavia (1) 1 (Bajevic)

Austria: Fraydl; Demantke, Sturmberger, Krieger, Strasser; Geyer, Hickersberger, Norbert Hof (Ettmayer); Parits, Kreuz, Pirkner.

Yugoslavia: Mutibaric; Rajkovic, Holcer, Stephanovic, Paunovic; Jerkovic (Djordjevic), Pavlovic (Tasan); Petkovic, Bajevic, Musemic, Drajic.

(Ref.: Sbardella/Italy).

Norway (2) 2 (Nilsen, Fugset) 12,000
Sweden (1) 4 (Danielsson, Brzokoupil, Svensson 2, 1 pen.)

Norway: Karlsen; Pettersen, Thorsen, Spydevold, Slinning; Borno, Nilsen, Kvia; O. D. Olsen, E. Olsen, Fugset.

Sweden: Sven-Gunnar Larsson; Selander, Kristensson, Nordqvist, Grip; Svensson, Larsson (Bo); Danielsson, Eriksson, Nordin, Brzokoupil.

(Ref.: Rasmussen/Denmark).

SEPTEMBER 27

Hungary (1) 1 (Vidacs) 30,000
Austria (1) 1 (Redl)

Hungary: Rothermel; Nosko, Pancsics, Konrad (Meszoly), Megyesi; Gorocs, Vidats, Karsai (Kocsis); Fazekas, Bene, Dunai II.

Austria: Koncilia; Clement, Sturmberger (Krieger), Schmidradner, Fak; Geyer, N. Hof, Starek (Ettmayer); Hickersberger, Kreuz, Redl.

(Ref.: Canak/Yugoslavia).

SEPTEMBER 30

Brazil (1) 2 (Tostao, Jairzinho) 155,000
Mexico (0) 1 (Valdivia)

Brazil: Felix (Ado); Carlos Alberto, Brito, Wilson Piazza, Everaldo; Rivelino, Clodoaldo, Gerson (Paulo Cesar); Jairzinho, Tostao, Pele.

Mexico: Mota (Castellon); Vantolra, Pena, Montes, Ramirez; Gonzalez, Herrado, Valdivia; Lopez, Padilla (Clamian), Gomez.

(Ref.: Coerezza/Argentina).

OCTOBER 4

Chile (0) 1 (Messen) 75,000
Brazil (2) 5 (Roberto 2, Pele, Jairzinho, Paulo Cesar)

Chile: Olivares; Laube, Rodriguez, Quintano, Diaz; Veldez, Hodge; Fouilloux, Messen, Castro, Veliz.

Brazil: Felix; Carlos Alberto, Joel, Brito, Everaldo; Dosantos, Ney, Paulo Cesar; Jairzinho, Roberto, Pele.

(Ref.: Pestarino/Argentina).

OCTOBER 7

Austria (0) 1 (Kreuz) 25,000
France (0) 0

Austria: Koncilia; Clement (Demantke), Schmidradner, Sturmberger, Fak; Hickersberger (Krieger), Hof, Starek (Ettmayer); Parits, Kreuz, Redl.

France: Carnus; Djorkaeff, Bosquier, Novi, Rostagni; Herbet (Larque), Michel, Mezy; Loubet (Revelli), Gondet (Floch), Bereta.

(Ref.: Biversi/West Germany).

OCTOBER 18

Switzerland (1) 1 (Blattler) 42,000
Italy (0) 1 (Mazzola)

Switzerland: Kunz; Chapuisat; Boffi, Weibel, Perroud; Odermatt, Kuhn, Blattler; Balmer (Jeandupeux) (Vuilleumier), Kunzli, Wenger.

Italy: Albertosi (Zoff); Cera (Ferrante); Poletti, Niccolai, Facchetti; Juliano (Cera), Mazzola, De Sisti; Domenghini, Gori, Riva.

(Ref.: Tschenscher/West Germany).

OCTOBER 25

Czechoslovakia (0) 2 (Stratil 2) 3,000
Poland (2) 2 (Kozierski, Blaut)

Czechoslovakia: Kramerius; Vecerek, Maiernik, Urban, Mutkovic; Petrovic, Bartovic, Vrana; Strunc, Nagy, Stratil.

Poland: Trotynski; Stachurski, Winkler, Symanowski, Wyrobek; Blaut, Kozierski, Janik; Bula, Cmikiewicz, Gadocha.

(Ref.: Kunz/East Germany).

OCTOBER 28

Spain (1) 2 (Luis, Quini) 20,000
Greece (0) 1 (Papaioannou)

Spain: Iribar; Melo, Sol (Gallego), Uriarte, Adelardo; Costas, Amancio (Rodilla); Luis, Garate (Quini), Marcial, Rexach.

Greece: Ikonomopoulos; Skerekis, Kamaras, Stathopoulos, Eleftherakis; Toskas (Aganian), Kudas, Domasos (Keitas); Papaioannou, Joutsos, Kritikopoulos (Velisarakis).

(Ref.: Vigliani/France).

Russia (2) 4 (Schevtschenko, Fedotov, Kolotov, Nodija) 40,000
Yugoslavia (0) 0

Russia: Bannikov (Pschenitschnikov); Istomin (Dsodsaschvili), Shestemev, Afonin, Kanitschnl; Kolotov, Muntian (Asatiani), Kopekin (Nodija); Fedotov, Schevtschenko, Evriujichin.

Yugoslavia: Mutibaric; Tesan, Stephanovic, Djordjevic, Paunovic (Dojcinovski), Holcer, Acimovic, Bajevic (Musemic); Bukal, Jerkovic, Drajic.

(Ref.: Sroszlaki/Poland).

EUROPEAN

EUROPEAN CUP

Preliminary Round

Levski Spartak (1) 3 (Mitkov, Asparoukhov 2)
Austria Wien (0) 1 (Redl)

Austria Wien (2) 3 (Redl, Hickersberger 2)
Levski Spartak (0) 0

First Round

Atletico Madrid (1) 2 (Aragones, Garate)
Austria Wien (0) 0

Austria Wien (1) 1 (Krieger, pen)
Atletico Madrid (1) 2 (Luis, Garate)

Cagliari (2) 3 (Riva 2, Nene)
St Etienne (0) 0

St Etienne (1) 1 (Larque)
Cagliari (0) 0

Celtic (6) 9 (Hood 3, Wilson 2, Davidson, Johnstone, McNeil, Hughes)
KPV Kokkola (0) 0

KPV Kokkola (0) 0
Celtic (2) 5 (Callaghan, Wallace 2, Davidson, Lennox)

Bor. Monchen. (3) 6 (Laumen 2, Koppel 2, Netzer, Heynckes)
EPA Larnax (0) 0

EPA Larnax (0) 0
Bor. Monchen. (5) 10 (Heynckes, Vogts, Netzer, Wimmer, Koppel 2, Dietrich, Sieloff pen, Laumen 2)

Everton (2) 6 (Ball 2, Royle 2, Kendall, Wright)
Keflavik (1) 2 (West og, Ragnarsson)

Keflavik (0) 0
Everton (2) 3 (Whittle, Royle 2, 1 pen)

Fenerbahce (0) 0
Carl Zeiss Jena (1) 4 (Kraus, Ducke 2, Vogel)

Carl Zeiss Jena (1) 1 (Vogel)
Fenerbahce (0) 0

Feyenoord (1) 1 (Jansen)
UT Arad (1) 1 (Dumitrescu)

UT Arad (0) 0
Feyenoord (0) 0
(UT Arad qualify on away goals count double rule)

IFK Goteborg (0) 0
Legia (1) 4 (Stachursky 2, Gadocha, Pieszko)

Legia (2) 2 (Deyna, Gadocha)
IFK Goteborg (1) 1 (Almqvist)

Nendori Tirana (0) 2 (Kazanxhi 2, Hega)
Ajax (1) 2 (Suurbier 2)

Ajax (1) 2 (Keizer, Swart)
Nendori Tirana (0) 0

Jeunesse Esch (1) 1 (Digenova)
Panathinaikos (2) 2 (Antoniadis, Domazos)

Panathinaikos (4) 5 (Antoniadis 4, Elfcherakis)
Jeunesse Esch (0) 0
Slovan Bratislava (1) 2 (Jan Capkovic, L. Zlocha)

B1903 Kopenhagen (1) 1 (Johansen)

B1903 Kopenhagen (0) 2 (Thygesen pen, Johansen)
Slovan Bratislava (1) 2 (Josef Capkovic 2)

Spartak Moscow (1) 3 (Osyanin 2, Papayev)
Basle (0) 2 (Odermatt, Benthaus)

Basle (0) 2 (Siegenthaler, Balmer)
Spartak Moscow (0) 1 (Chussainov)

Sporting (4) 5 (Lourenco 3, Peres, Marinho)
Floriana (0) 0

Floriana (0) 0
Sporting (1) 4 (Nelson 2, Dinis, Tome)

Rosenborg (0) 0
Standard Liege (1) 2 (Kostedde, Depireux)

Standard Liege (3) 5 (Pilot 2, Cvetler 2, Depireux)
Rosenborg (0) 0

Ujpest Dozsa (0) 2 (Nagy, Dunai)
Red Star (0) 0

Red Star (3) 4 (Filipovic 2, Dzaiic, Osto jjic)
Ujpest Dozsa (0) 0

Glentoran (1) 1 (O'Neil)
Waterford (1) 3 (Hall, Bryan, Casey)

Waterford (0) 1 (Casey)
Glentoran (0) 0

EUROPEAN CUP WINNERS CUP

Preliminary Round

Atvidaberg (0) 1 (Franzen)
Partizan Tirana (1) 1 (Johansson og)

Partizan (1) 2 (Vuno, Ragami)
Atvidaberg (0) 0

Bohemians (1) 1 (Swan pen)
Gottwaldov (1) 2 (Urban, Nehoda)

Gottwaldov (2) 2 (Hojsik, Jencik)
Bohemians (1) 2 (O'Connell, Dunne)

First Round

Aalborg (0) 0
Gornik (1) 1 (Lubanski)

Gornik (3) 8 (Szarynski, Olek 2, Wilim 2, Lubanski 2, Szoltysik)
Aalborg (1) 1 (Andersen)

Aberdeen (2) 3 (Graham, Harper, Murray)
Honved (1) 1 (Pusztai)

Honved (1) 3 (Kocsis 2, Kozma)
Aberdeen (0) 1 (S. Murray)
(Honved qualified on penalties)

Aris Salonika (0) 1 (Alexiadis)
Chelsea (0) 1 (Hutchinson)

Chelsea (3) 5 (Hutchinson 2, Hollins 2, Hinton)
Aris Salonika (0) 1 (Alexiadis)

Olimpija (0) 1 (Pejovic)
Benfica (1) 1 (Eusebio)

Benfica (3) 8 (Eusebio 5, Zeca, Artur Jorge, Graca)
Olimpija (0) 1 (Amersek)

CSKA Sofia (5) 9 (Yakimov 5, Nikodimov, Zherov 2, Marashkev)
Haka Valkeakoski (0) 0

Haka Valkeakoski (0) 1 (Malm)
CSKA Sofia (0) 2 (Yakimov 2)

Gottwaldov (1) 2 (Urban, Nehoda)
PSV Eindhoven (0) 1 (Devrindt)

PSV Eindhoven (0) 1 (Veenstra)
Gottwaldov (0) 0

The white shirted Reymaecker of Beveren-Waas scores the only goal of their game with Valencia in Spain.

Cardiff City (5) 8 (Toshack 2, Clark 2, Woodruff, Gibson, Sutton, King)
Pesoporikos (0) 0

Pesoporikos (0) 0
Cardiff City (0) 0

Hibernians (Valetta) (0) 0
Real Madrid (0) 0

Real Madrid (2) 5 (Pirri, Manon, Planelles 3)
Hibernians (Valetta) (0) 0

Goeztepe Izmir (3) 5 (Ertan 3, Nevzat, Nielsen)
Union Luxembourg (0) 0

Union Luxembourg (1) 1
Goeztepe Izmir (0) 0

Manchester City (0) 1 (Bell)
Linfield (0) 0

Linfield (1) 2 (Millen 2)
Manchester City (1) 1 (Lee)

Karpaty Lvov (0) 0
Steaua Bucharest (0) 1 (Tataru)

Steaua Bucharest (2) 3
Karpaty Lvov (2) 3

Stromgodset (0) 0
Nantes (2) 5 (Gondet, Levavasseur 2, Arribas, Michel)

Nantes (0) 2 (Levavasseur, Blanchet)
Stromgodset (0) 3 (Pettersen 1, Pettersen S, 2)

CUPS' DETAILS . .

Vorwaerts (0) 0
Bologna (0) 0

Bologna (0) 1 (Savoldi)
Vorwaerts (0) 1 (Bergerad)
(Vorwaerts win on goals away count double rule)

Wacker Innsbruck (1) 3 (Ettmayer, pen, Obert, Francescin)
Partizan Tirana (2) 2 (Panu, Janku)

Partizan Tirana (1) 1 (Panu)
Wacker Innsbruck (1) 2 (Grausam 2)

Offenbach Kickers (0) 2 (Kremer 2, 1 a pen)
FC Bruges (1) 1 (Lambert)

FC Bruges (1) 2 (Marnenout, Hinderickx)
Offenbach Kickers (0) 0

Akureyri (0) 1 (Arnasson)
Zurich (3) 7 (Volkert 3, Kunzli 2, Pirmin Stierli, Martinelli)

Zurich (4) 7 (Kunzli 3, Volkert 2, Heer, Grunig)
Akureyri (0) 0

EUROPEAN FAIRS CUP

Group One

Akademisk Copenhagen (2) 7 (F. Hansen 2, Carlsen 2, Nielsen 2, Petersen)
Sliema Wanderers (0) 0

Sliema Wanderers (1) 2 (Jensen og, Cini)
Akademisk Copenhagen (2) 3 (A Hansen pen, B Neilsen 2)

Inter Milan (0) 1 (Cella)
Newcastle United (1) 1 (Davies)

Newcastle United (1) 2 (Moncur, Davies)
Inter Milan (0) 0

Lausanne Sports (0) 0
Vitoria Setubal (0) 2 (Jacinto Joao, Batista)

Vitoria Setubal (2) 2 (Arcanjo, Guerreiro)
Lausanne Sports (1) 1 (Du Four)

Partizan Belgrade (0) 0
Dynamo Dresden (0) 0

Dynamo Dresden (4) 6 (Kreische 4, Sammer, Sachse)
Partizan Belgrade (0) 0

Group Two

Bayern Munich (1) 1 (Beckenbauer)
Rangers (0) 0

Rangers (0) 1 (Stein)
Bayern Munich (0) 1 (Muller)

AEK Athens (0) 0
Twente Enchede (0) 1

Twente Enchede (2) 3 (Pahlplatz 2, Van der Kerkhof)
AEK Athens (0) 0

Sparta Prague (1) 2 (Migas, pen, Gogh)
Atletico Bilbao (0) 0

Atletico Bilbao (0) 1 (Uriarte)
Sparta Prague (0) 1 (Travacni)

Wiener Sportklub (0) 0
Beveren-wass (0) 2 (Rogiers, Janssen)

Beveren-wass (1) 3 (Rogiers, Vanderlinden, Janssen)
Wiener Sportklub (0) 0

Group Three

SC Barreirense (1) 2 (Serafim, Campora)
Dinamo Zagreb (0) 0

Dinamo Zagreb (0) 6 (Novak 4, Lalic 2)
SC Barreirense (1) 1 (Campora)

Spartak Trnava (1) 2 (Dobias, pen, Masrna)
Olympic Marseille (0) 0

Olympic Marseille (1) 2 (Couecou, Skoblar)
Spartak Trnava (0) 0 (Spartak qualified 4-3 on penalty kicks)

Liverpool (1) 1 (Graham)
Ferencvaros (0) 0

Ferencvaros (0) 1 (Mucha)
Liverpool (0) 1 (Hughes)

Nykoebing Falster (1) 2 (Olsen, Hansen)
Hertha Berlin (2) 4 (Brungs 2, Gayer, Steffenhagen)

Hertha Berlin (1) 4 (Horr, Brungs 2, Gherghelli)
Nykoebing Falster (1) 1 (Rasmussen)

Group Four

Hibernian (2) 6 (Blair, McBride 3, Duncan 2)
Malmo (0) 0

Malmo (0) 2 (Larsson, Joensson)
Hibernian (1) 3 (Duncan, McEwan, Stanton)

Ilves Kissat (2) 4 (Lundberg, Nupponen 2, Nouranen)
Sturm Graz (1) 2 (Laine og, Kaiser)

Sturm Graz (2) 3 (Murlsits, Albrecht, Kaiser)
Ilves Kissat (0) 0

Akranes (0) 0
Spartak Rotterdam (3) 6 (Venneker, Kowalik, Kouditzer, Haijerman 2, Walveek)

Spartak Rotterdam (5) 9 (Klijnjan 3, Kristensen, Kowalik 3, Van der Veen, Venneker)
Akranes (0) 0

Sarpsbourg (0) 0
Leeds United (0) 1 (Lorimer)

Leeds United (1) 5 (Charlton 2, Bremner 2, Lorimer)
Sarpsbourg (0) 0

Group Five

Vittoria Guimaraes (0) 3 (Da Velha 2, Peres)
AS Angouleme (0) 0

AS Angouleme (2) 3 (Castellan 2, Gallice)
Vittoria Guimaraes (1) 1 (Ademir)

La Gantoise (0) 0
Hamburg (1) 1 (Nogly)

Hamburg (3) 7 (Dorfel 4, Zaczyk, Honig, Volkert)
La Gantoise (0) 1 (Bene)

Ruch Chorzow (0) 1 (Faber)
Fiorentina (0) 1 (Vitali)

Fiorentina (1) 2 (Chiarugi, Mariani)
Ruch Chorzow (0) 0

Seville SC (0) 1 (Acosta)
Eskisehirspor (0) 0

Eskisehirspor (0) 3 (Fethi 3)
Seville (0) 1 (Acosta)

Group Six

Trakia Plovdiv (0) 1 (Radkov)
Coventry City (2) 4 (O'Rourke 3, Martin)

Coventry City (2) 2 (Joicey, Blockley)
Trakia Plovdiv (0) 0

Coleraine (0) 1 (Mullan)
Kilmarnock (0) 1 (Mathie)

Kilmarnock (2) 2 (McLean, Morrison)
Coleraine (0) 3 (Dickson 3)

Universitatea Craiova (0) 2 (Taralunga, Strimbeano)
Pecsi Dozsa (0) 1 (Mate)

Pecsi Dozsa (3) 3 (Kocsis 2, Mate)
Universitatea Craiova (0) 0

Katowice (0) 0
FC Barcelona (0) 1 (Rexach)

Barcelona (0) 3 (Pujol, Filosia, Rexach)
Katowice (2) 2 (Rotmer, Gluck)

Group Seven

Juventus (5) 7 (Anastasi 4, Bettega 3)
US Rumelange (0) 0

US Rumelange (0) 0
Juventus (3) 4 (Novellini 3, Landini)

Zeleznica Sarajevo (1) 3 (Osim, Spreco, Mujkic)
Anderlecht (1) 4 (Puis 2, Mulder 2)

Anderlecht (2) 5 (Ejderstedt 3, Van Himst, Puis)
Zeleznica Sarajevo (3) 4 (Bukal 2, Spreco 2)

Ist FC Koln (2) 5 (Parits, Thielen, Rupp 2, Lek)
Paris-Sedan (0) 1 (Pierron)

Paris-Sedan (0) 1 (Dellamore pen)
Ist FC Koln (0) 0

Dinamo Bucharest (1) 5
PAOK Salonika (0) 0

PAOK Salonika (1) 1 (Koutas)
Dinamo Bucharest (0) 0

Group Eight

Hajduk Split (2) 3 (Jerkovic, Pavlica, Jovanic)
Slavia Sofia (0) 0

Slavia Sofia (0) 1
Hajduk Split (0) 0

Cork Hibernians (0) 0
Valencia (2) 3 (Claramont 2, Barrachina)

Valencia (2) 3 (Jara, Sergio 2)
Cork Hibernians (1) 1 (Wigginton)

Dundee United (0) 3 (I Reid, Markland, A Reid)
Grasshoppers (1) 2 (Grahn, Meier)

Grasshoppers (0) 0
Dundee United (0) 0

Lazio (0) 2 (Chinaglia 2, 1 pen)
Arsenal (0) 2 (Radford 2)

Arsenal (1) 2 (Radford, Armstrong)
Lazio (0) 0

SPARTA PRAGUE

Back row, left to right: Brabec, Vesely, Chovance, Goghi, Urban, Zeman, Jurkanin, Kramerius. Front: Hudcovsky, Kesseling, Bouska Svat, Vrana, Navara (trainer), Migas, Jarabinsky, Semendak.